COMMENTARY

CAN THE MIDDLE EAST BE HELD?

Why the West Cannot Work with Pan-Arabism

G. F. HUDSON

WHY should the Western world be involved in the Middle East? It cannot be taken for granted that it should be; indeed, it is politically dangerous to take it for granted, for unless the national policies of democracies, as framed by their governments, are related to objectives which are publicly understood, confusion may result when these policies run into difficulties and someone asks the question whether they are really worth while. There is additionally the fact that over the last three years the policies of the United States, Britain, and France toward the Arab world have been so divergent as not merely to thwart one another locally, but even to strain the solidarity of the North Atlantic Alliance. If the three principal Western powers are to act in concert instead of separately and in disarray, they must clearly recognize the nature of one another's purposes in the region and find the greatest common measure of interest on which to stand, in the face of the obvious Soviet intention to exploit their differences.

To begin at the beginning, there is oil. It is true that quite recently learned treatises have been written on Middle Eastern affairs in which oil has barely been mentioned. In some quarters concern about oil is still considered disreputable; it suggests a prevalence of sordid motives in Western relations with Middle Eastern countries, and it does not belong to the tradition of romantic Orientalism which perpetuates the old glamorous Moslem world of pashas and sheikhs, minarets and camels. Historically, of course, Britain and France were actively interested in the Middle East long before petroleum was sought or discovered there; as European commercial powers they had their stakes in the general trade of the area, and they had their strategic rivalries with each other closely related to their conflicts in Europe; later there was also the British aim of preventing a southward expansion by Russia athwart Britain's imperial communications with India. British involvement in southern Arabia dates from the wars of the French Revolution when the French for a while held Egypt; Cyprus was annexed in 1878 as part

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THE political upheaval in the Middle East, touched off by the military coup in Iraq, has once more focused public attention on the danger of Russian and Pan-Arab interference with the West's oil supplies. In this article, written shortly after the American and British landings in Lebanon and Jordan, a noted expert forecasts the gradual expulsion of Western influence from most of the oil-producing countries and advocates a policy of defending the Mediterranean seaboard from Turkey to Israel. G. F. HUDSON, director of the Center for Far Eastern Studies at St. Antony's College, Oxford, is a regular contributor to COMMENTARY.

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of a bargain to guarantee Turkey's territory in Asia against Russia; Egypt was occupied in 1882 primarily because of the strategic importance of the Suez Canal. French intervention in North Africa goes back to early 19th-century operations against the Barbary corsairs, and later both Tunisia and Morocco became fields of European rivalries.

But with the advent of the oil age all previous motives for European concern with the Middle East were dwarfed into insignificance. Since the Middle Eastern region was found to contain the greater part of the world's oil reserves it has become a source of supply on which the economic life of Europe is vitally dependent. Since Europe, unlike the United States and the Soviet Union, is not self-supplying in oil, it could be strangled economically if it were cut off for any length of time from the oil fields of the Middle East. This might be regarded in Washington as a purely European concern if America were still isolationist; but the North Atlantic Alliance has made the security of Europe a matter of vital concern to America. In consequence any threat to the flow of Middle Eastern oil now endangers both the eastern and the western halves of the Atlantic alliance, even though the United States (with Texas and Maracaibo to meet its needs) cannot appreciate the implications of an oil famine as acutely as the nations of Europe.

THE significance of this economic factor is best grasped if we suppose that no oil had ever been found in the Middle East or North Africa, and that Europe drew virtually all its supplies from, let us say, Brazil. What then would there be in the Middle East of real consequence for the Western world? Very little. Apart from oil, the region as a whole, with its prevailing aridity, is one of minor importance in contemporary world economics. The Suez Canal would still be of importance as an international waterway, even if there were no oil tankers passing through it, but its importance has been greatly reduced, for Britain at least, by the transfer of sovereignty in India, which has inevitably modified the old British conception of imperial maritime communications. Politically, France has its million settlers in Algeria, but Britain has no settlers in the Middle East, and the remaining British protectorates in Arabia would no longer represent any interest compelling for British policy were they not related to a regional strategy whose basic purpose is the safeguarding of oil supplies. In terms of a purely economic imperialism, no areas of the world are so worthless as the waterless crags behind Aden or the sand dunes of Oman.

In considering the Western interest in Middle Eastern oil, the question of profits must be clearly distinguished from that of supply. The classic theory of imperialism, which most Arab nationalists have now made their own, is concerned only with the profits made by the entrepreneurs of metropolitan countries who invest in colonial or semi-colonial countries, and with the rivalry of governments to secure for their nationals the most profitable opportunities for investment. It follows from such an exclusive attention to capitalist profits, in an analysis of the development of extractive industries in economically backward countries, that nobody in the metropolitan countries would suffer from the confiscation of these enterprises through local nationalist revolutions, except the shareholders in the investing companies. In economic theory, the nation which formerly exported the capital would still be able to buy the commodity in question, even though its nationals no longer make a profit from its production; in any case, as long as an underdeveloped country cannot provide the necessary capital and the requisite managerial and technical ability from its own resources, it must seek them from abroad, even though it may today insist on terms far more stringent than in the bad old days of concession-hunting.

The issue, however, is not merely an economic one—or rather it is an economic one which can become also political and strategic. If one country, or a group of countries which can be brought under a unified political control, has a near-monopoly in a com-

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modity essential to the economic life of other countries, the power to supply or withhold that commodity can be used as an instrument of political blackmail. In developing the production of oil in the Middle East, the nations of Europe have become increasingly dependent on it for the functioning of their industry and transport. This dependence has nothing to do with the profits which their capitalists may derive from investment in the production of oil, and would be equally dangerous for these countries even if their economic systems were entirely socialist. It impels the governments of such nations to policies which have a certain superficial resemblance to the old imperialism, but which are quite different in motivation.

EUROPE could be deprived of its Middle Eastern oil supplies by three possible situations. The first might be direct Soviet military control of the oil-producing areas, as a result either of a conflict developing in the Middle East itself or of a war originating elsewhere—in Europe or the Far East. A second contingency is the formation of a confederacy of Arab states which would threaten to withhold oil supplies, or actually do so, in support of political demands on the West. The third is a combination of the first two possibilities—an anti-Western Arab coalition receiving Soviet military aid to an extent which would render it wholly subordinate to Soviet policy.

The first danger may be reckoned the least probable of the three. A direct Soviet military invasion of the Middle East, without the cover of invitation by one or more Middle Eastern states, would present a clear-cut case of aggression, provoke combined Western counter-action, and provide the best possible legal basis for it, since many Asian and Arab states would presumably rally against the aggressor and insure a two-thirds majority in the United Nations Assembly against the Soviet bloc. The risk of war on unfavorable political terms would thus be at its maximum for the Soviet Union, and the struggle would be only too likely to develop into a full-scale atomic war. If war had already started elsewhere, the Russians might indeed invade the Middle East as part of their general strategy; but if the war were already a nuclear one it would be likely to run its course before the interruption of oil supplies could have a decisive effect, while if it were fought with conventional weapons a major Russian military move into the Middle East would be a factor most likely to turn it into a nuclear one. It seems improbable, therefore, that the Soviet government would undertake direct and open aggression in the Middle East unless it was seeking a decisive showdown with the Western world, and that could be brought about just as well, or better, by aggravating the German situation.

But the Soviet Union is not dependent on direct and open aggression as the sole means of obtaining control of the Middle East; it has the possibility of attaining this end by exploitation of non-Soviet political forces within the region. An Arab confederacy capable of cutting off the greater part of Middle Eastern oil supplies would have to include Iraq, Kuwait, and Saudi Arabia, as well as Egypt and Syria. The United Arab Republic, which already controls the Suez Canal and the pipelines to the Mediterranean, can interrupt the passage of oil supplies by the short route to Europe, inflict shortages and heavy costs on the European economy and compel the diversion of tankers round Africa; but it cannot bring about a complete stoppage of supplies as long as the countries which actually produce the oil are willing to sell. To bring Iraq, Kuwait, and Saudi Arabia into close alliance with the United Arab Republic must therefore be the unceasing endeavor of the Pan-Arab nationalism which has its center in Cairo.

The goal of a single Arab national empire extending from the Persian Gulf (or the Arabian Gulf, as Cairo propagandists maintain it should be called) to the Atlantic is the political hammer with which the followers of Nasser seek to break down the separate sovereignties of the existing Arab states and create a new world power which would be a not unworthy successor

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to the empire of the Ommayad caliphs. There are indeed formidable obstacles of local particularism and personal rivalries in the way of the realization of this ideal, but to an ever increasing extent all Arab rulers —whether kings, sheikhs or republican politicians—have to pay lip service to it, and Cairo radio has made it familiar in the most remote villages and nomad encampments, where people who as yet cannot read or write listen in to the superlatively managed broadcasting system created by the Nasser regime with the aid of ex-Nazi German technicians. Theoretically, the unification of the Arab world need not mean the ascendancy of Egypt, but in fact there is no effective rival to Egypt for leadership of the Pan-Arab movement. Bourguiba of Tunis, Hussein of Jordan, or King Saud may be unwilling to submit to the pretensions of Colonel Nasser, but none of them is capable of assuming that role of leader of the Arab world which the nationalist-indoctrinated younger generation requires to be assumed by someone.

THE difficulty in finding any reliable counterweight to Egypt in the Arab world lies in the fact that the Arab national idea is now stronger than any attachment to Syria, Iraq, or Saudi Arabia as separate states, and Arab nationalism in effect means attachment to Egypt. Thus, even where governments are prepared to resist Egyptian ascendance, Egypt has its fifth column which may at any moment take advantage of some crisis in domestic politics to overthrow the existing government—with or without substantial aid from the United Arab Republic. In a prolonged period of peace and relaxation of international tensions, local interests would be likely to reassert themselves, the separate governments might consolidate their position, and the attainment of Arab unity might be indefinitely postponed. The Pan-Arab idea has its greatest appeal when issues which unite all or most Arabs in common enmities are emphasized at the expense of their parochial concerns. Hence it is to the interest of Nasser and the Pan-Arab extremists to keep the Middle East continually in a ferment, to provoke one crisis after another, and to prevent any stabilization.

Since Egypt is not itself an oil-producing country, the Egyptians have in any case a strong urge to lay their hands on the sources of oil in the Arab countries to the east of them and thus get a share of the revenues those countries derive in times of normal trade. But over and above the economic advantages to be derived in this way from an extension of Cairo's ascendancy to the Persian gulf, control of all the Arab oil fields through satellite authorities would provide Egypt with the immense political bargaining power implied in the capacity to restrict or cut off oil supplies. There are two obvious ways in which such power could be used to attain Pan-Arab political objectives: one would be to compel Britain and France to yield what remains of their protectorates or sovereign rights in Arab lands; the other would be to coerce the Western world into conniving at an Arab war to annihilate the state of Israel.

On the assumption, however, that the United Arab Republic could absorb by diplomacy, subversion, and guerilla violence the oil-producing areas of the Arab world, there would still be two points of weakness in the program. The first relates to the position of Iran (Persia) as an oil-producing but non-Arab state which is naturally unresponsive to the propaganda of Arab nationalism. As long as Iran remained outside the Arab confederacy there would be no monopoly of Middle East oil, even though the greater part of it would be in Arab hands. But if there has definitely been a revolution in Iraq (as we must assume in our hypothesis of Arab unification) and if, as must certainly follow, Iraq breaks away from the Baghdad Pact alliance, the situation in Iran would also become highly unstable. Iran is in itself a very weak country, and its membership of an international grouping for defense against the Soviet Union depends on the belief in Teheran that there is basically a balance of power in the Middle East which renders it not too

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unsafe for Iran to pursue such a policy. But if Iraq were definitely to pass into the anti-Western orbit, Iran would regard it as a symptom of Western decline and would almost certainly seek reinsurance with Moscow. The Iranian Communists might then take power, and even if a non-Communist government was permitted to survive, its foreign policy would become subservient to direction from Moscow, and in a Middle Eastern crisis joint Soviet and Arab pressure would probably be sufficient to induce it to take part in an oil embargo.

The other main handicap to Pan-Arab ambition lies in the military weakness of the Arab states, even if they were to be combined. A Pan-Arab capacity to use oil supplies for political blackmail depends on the immunity of the Arab world from military intervention by the Western great powers. Egypt two years ago was quite incapable of defending her territory against the British and French expeditionary forces, or even against Israel alone; her "victory" in the Suez affair was brought about not by any Arab military action, but by the diplomatic support of both the Soviet Union and the United States, by the Soviet threat of intervention through "volunteers," by the voting in the United Nations, and by the strength of the political opposition to governmental policy inside Britain itself. Since the promulgation of the Eisenhower Doctrine, however, Nasser has had to reckon with the possibility that in a future conflict the United States, Britain, and France might be found acting in concert, and it would then be all the more essential to be assured of the protection of the Soviet Union in an emergency. A "forward" policy would thus become dependent on the support of the Soviet Union, which could curb it or stimulate it in accordance with the general line of Soviet foreign policy at any given time and the degree of compliance to Soviet wishes shown by the Arabs. Nor would it be only the need for security against unpleasant consequences of oilfield-grabbing or embargoes which would impel Nasser to rely more and more on Russian military support; any actual military operations going beyond guerilla activity (for example against the British in the Aden Protectorate or Oman) and above all the intended war against Israel, would call for reinforcement of Arab military resources with Russian military technicians or even "volunteer" units. Provision of these in an actual war would give the Russians the grip on the Arab world which they so far lack, without involving Russia directly in the conflict or providing a sufficient pretext for Western "massive retaliation."

This applies above all to the hypothesis of a war against Israel. The promise of victory over Israel is one of the main elements in the Pan-Arab appeal: Arab unity is the condition for crushing Israel. In proportion as it is attained, the pressure for carrying out the project of an attack on Israel is bound to grow. "Union today; revenge tomorrow!" was the slogan shouted by the crowds in Damascus at the proclamation of the United Arab Republic, meaning of course revenge against Israel. The time will not be ripe until Jordan has been brought into line—an aim facilitated by the revolutionary overthrow of the old regime in Iraq. If the Pan-Arab cause were to prevail in Amman, as well as Baghdad and Damascus, Nasser could not long refrain from a new aggression against Israel. Success in a war against Israel would not only consolidate his position in the parts of the Arab world already under his rule, but would give him an irresistible prestige and ascendancy in all Arab lands. But success could not be gained easily, and nobody can be so well aware of the risks of a Palestine campaign as the Egyptian officers who had experience of fighting the Israeli army in 1956. There is thus a very strong temptation to look to the Soviet Union for the military aid which would insure victory over Israel.

HEREIN lies Moscow's great opportunity, which can be exploited according to a time schedule determined by the Soviet leaders. So far the Soviet Union has shown a marked caution with regard to military aid to the Arabs beyond the provision of arms

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and technical instructors. In the Suez war of 1956 the Russian pilots of bombers supplied to Egypt flew them out of the country and made no attempt to use them in Egyptian service against the British and French; in the recent Lebanon-Jordan crisis the Russians stopped short of major direct military commitments to the United Arab Republic against the sudden American-British intervention. But it cannot be assumed from these precedents that the Russians will always be so cautious. Their action in a given case must be governed by a variety of considerations: not only their estimate of the risk of a serious conflict with the West, but also the degree of their satisfaction with the behavior of Egypt. It is not in Russia's interest to let the Arabs have their aid too easily, or to make it so regular that it is taken for granted; the Cairo politicians must be taught that Russian favor is not compatible with Egyptian attempts to make deals with America on the side. But if they have once learned their lesson (and the Soviet leadership is not averse to a period of tension in international relations) then Soviet military support for an Arab war against Israel would promise great gains for Russia. The Arabs would use the threat of an oil embargo to deter the West from any support for Israel, and Russia would gain such a military hold on the Middle East—particularly if the war were prolonged—that the oil could be used as an instrument of Soviet, no less than of Arab, policy.

Against these dangers Western diplomacy, as it is now pursued on traditional lines, is inadequate, a fact borne out by the recent events in Baghdad. Although the Syro-Egyptian attempt to subvert Jordan was frustrated, and the union of Egypt and Syria temporarily matched by the rival combination of Iraq and Jordan, the odds are now heavily in favor of the movement for Arab unification. As things stand, the successful Pan-Arab revolution in Iraq must upset the whole Western apple cart. It will disrupt the Baghdad Pact and tip the balance in the Arab world decisively in favor of Cairo; Kuwait will probably soon be swallowed up, and with the Yemen already attached to the United Arab Republic, Saudi Arabia would tend to fall into line rather than risk isolation. The old British policy of backing Iraq against Egypt was conditional on a degree of political stability which has been shown up as deceptive; similarly, the American policy of making friends with the Saudi autocracy is vulnerable to the impact of the new forces in the Arab world, because even the authority of this most archaic of monarchies is not proof against the influences now emanating from Cairo.

EVEN in the petty kingdoms of southern Arabia which are under British protection and stand to lose their separate existence altogether in any Arab national unification, the tide of Arab nationalism has been running too strongly to be checked by the traditional methods of British indirect rule; in one of the Aden Protectorate states the ruler was deposed by a pro-Egyptian son, and in another a large part of the local Arab army defected to the Yemen, taking with it the money paid by Britain as a subsidy to the ruler. The signs are that no policy of bolstering up local monarchs and "strong men" as rivals to Nasser and barriers to the spread of Pan-Arabism is likely to avail the West for long. Nor can military intervention be relied on to prop up collapsing pro-Western governments or prevent them from going over to the other side. In the Aden Protectorate and in Oman the British have at least treaty rights to cover their military operations, but even in these areas military measures become increasingly difficult to justify, as local unrest begins to assume the character of a national revolt; and outside the British protectorates any Western intervention tends to run into embarrassing problems of legality.

The British and French action against Egypt in the autumn of 1956 aimed at getting rid of Nasser and imposing an international administration on the Suez Canal. Unfortunately for the attainment of these objectives, the British government was quite unable to find any pretext for the expedition which would make it anything but an ag-

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gression against the sovereign state of Egypt, a member of the United Nations. The nationalization of the Suez Canal Company, an act within the sovereign jurisdiction of Egypt, and Egypt's refusal to accept any form of international control of the Canal, could not be invoked as a justification for war, and the claim that Britain and France were trying to separate the Egyptian and Israeli forces and stop the fighting was entirely unconvincing, since the campaign was plainly directed against Egypt. The British government, having persistently turned a blind eye to the fedayeen attacks on Israel, could not even avail itself of Israel's own claim of action in self-defense. Thus Britain and France were involved in an action which resembled the old-fashioned "gunboat diplomacy" of the 19th century and was clearly a violation of the Charter of the United Nations.

THE Eisenhower Doctrine, as formulated by Washington after the Anglo-French fiasco, was designed to avoid the blunder of using force against Pan-Arabism without any legal justification. It was to be a purely defensive instrument. Any Middle Eastern state which asked for protection against the Soviet Union, or a state "under the control of international Communism," would be given military protection, but no state would be protected except by its own consent, and no action would be taken against any trouble-making state unless it committed an open act of aggression which, in the judgment of the President of the United States, was Communist-inspired. The Eisenhower Doctrine has now been put to the test in the Lebanon, and it cannot be said that it has been much more successful in frustrating the forces of Soviet-supported Pan-Arabism than was the ill-fated Suez policy of Britain and France.

In the first place there was no clear case of aggression; the crisis was primarily a matter of internal revolt, and though it was backed by the United Arab Republic with propaganda, arms, and some military infiltration, there was no external attack of a kind which could clearly justify intervention to help Lebanon as a victim of aggression. On the contrary, any British or American action was liable to appear as an interference in Lebanese internal affairs. There was also the very ambiguous attitude of the Lebanese army and of many who were supposed to be government supporters. In the words of a newspaper correspondent in Beirut, "advice tendered to the President by Western diplomats has come up against the obstacle that nothing can be done (apparently) to get action out of the army." It became extremely difficult for the Western powers to propose taking military measures to help a regime which was so unwilling to help itself. The same situation is likely to arise in any other Arab country where Pan-Arab revolutionary subversion takes place; the obvious case of direct external aggression against which the Eisenhower Doctrine was to raise the shield of American power will probably not be forthcoming anywhere in the Arab world.

The situation which emerged in the United Nations was likewise adverse to any application of the Eisenhower Doctrine in the way originally envisaged. It was evident that, in the absence of regular military action by the United Arab Republic which would call for counter-action as a matter of urgency, the affair must come before the United Nations, but with the votes of a number of Asian and Arab states added to those of the Soviet bloc the two-thirds majority in the United Nations Assembly required to authorize intervention would be in doubt. In the Security Council the Soviet Union caused some surprise by abstaining, instead of using its veto on the proposal to send United Nations observers to the Lebanon-Syria frontiers, but this measure was an alternative to American-British intervention and in effect excluded it without providing any real security against further smuggling of arms to the rebels. In the outcome the "settlement" of the crisis by military intervention has been a further political setback for the West.

What then can be done to stop the drift in the Arab world towards a unification cen-

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tered on Cairo under the sponsorship of the Soviet Union? A continuation of recent Western policies cannot be expected to stop it, because these policies have been based on radically false assumptions. It has been supposed that Arab nationalists were somehow reasonable people who could be persuaded that their true welfare lay in peaceful economic development with Western financial aid; who could be convinced that the Russian Communists were the real menace to the independence of nations; and who could be brought to see that the Western powers were their best friends in everything they wanted to do. But the Arabs, unlike the Turks and Iranians, have never had experience of Russian expansion, and continue to regard the British and French, and now also the Americans, as the real imperialist nations; they want the kingdom, the power, not economic development, and they look to Russia to help them achieve what they want above all—the destruction of Israel.

If the Western democracies try to compete with Russia in winning the affection of Arab nationalists, they are playing a game they cannot win. It is no use offering protection to states that do not want to be protected, where a friendly government is liable to vanish overnight, and defections of the armed forces can occur at any moment. It is equally useless to imagine that the anti-Western sentiments of the Arab world can be assuaged by avoiding any commitment to defend Israel, or even by holding out hopes of diplomatic pressure to lop off bits of Israeli territory; the Western democracies, because they are democracies, cannot be brought to the point of actively participating in the destruction of Israel, and that is what the Pan-Arab policy-makers expect of Russia.

IT FOLLOWS that the West must write off the Arab world as a region of friendly, or even neutral, countries. The French may still be able to re-establish a measure of influence in the North African Maghreb, which is more than half Berber and a long way from either Israel or Russia. But the area from the Nile to the Tigris is likely to pass more and more into the Soviet orbit by "internal" shifts without any war of conquest which would provide the West with adequate grounds for forcible intervention. Against this process there are two things that the West can do to minimize the adverse effects on its economic and strategic position. One is for NATO to treat as of the highest priority the development (even at high cost in subsidies) of oil fields in areas outside the Middle East which would reduce the potential political blackmail inherent in the present situation of dependence of European nations on Middle Eastern supplies. There are oil-bearing tracts, such as the Athabasca sands in Canada, which it is at present uneconomic to develop, but which could be made productive by a combined financial effort of the NATO countries undertaken in good time.

The other main need for Western policy is to face the probability that the eastern end of the Mediterranean will soon become a frontier, and to concentrate on strengthening the two countries there which are friendly to the West, which are threatened either by Russia or by Pan-Arabism, and which can be relied on to resist with all their forces if attacked—that is to say, Turkey and Israel. Turkey indeed is already a member of NATO, but the idea of any association with Israel is still intolerable to the pro-Arab yearners of the British Foreign Office and the U. S. State Department, whose hopes of winning over Nasser (or alternatively building up rivals to Nasser) never seem to fade, however often their policies end in frustration and defeat. The course of events, however, must sooner or later drive the Western powers to recognize who are their friends and who their enemies; the only question is whether they will recognize it in time to draw concrete advantages from a revision of policy, or whether wisdom will only be forced upon them in an hour of crisis and panic.

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THE DECLINE OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

Eisenhower Has Failed to Rebuild the Machine

HAROLD LAVINE

EISENHOWER has succeeded where Roosevelt and Truman failed. Five times running Franklin D. Roosevelt and Harry S. Truman gave the Republican party a merciless beating. The Roosevelt landslide of 1936 left only 16 Republicans in the Senate and 88 in the House; the Truman upset of 1948 was a traumatic experience. Yet through it all the Republican party's morale remained unbroken, though grievously bruised. By midnight of Election Day 1948, the Republican party workers who had swept joyously into the Roosevelt Hotel in New York to celebrate the anticipated victory of Thomas E. Dewey with champagne, whiskey, and cold cuts were like men in a coma; they drifted about unseeing, on every face a look of shock and simple disbelief; and finally they just drifted off, leaving the champagne and whiskey unopened, the cold cuts untouched. It was a night of horror, and those who stood by watching were sure the Republicans would be months recovering from what they had gone through. Actually, recovery was swift. By the next afternoon shock had given way to anger; bitterness had washed away despair. The Republican party crackled with recriminations, but it was alive—and fighting.

In contrast, the Republican party today is a thoroughly demoralized body, without spirit and without hope; and the man to blame, unquestionably, is Dwight D. Eisenhower. This is perhaps the most astonishing paradox in American political history: Republican morale was able to sustain five successive defeats, but it has crumbled almost completely as the result of Eisenhower's two great victories.

The extent of the Republican demoralization is difficult to exaggerate. A year ago the Republicans had already given up hope of recapturing Congress this fall. Publicly, they still insisted they might win control of the House, but admitted they were doomed in the Senate. With each day that has passed since, the mood has grown blacker. The Republicans are now convinced that they face a debacle this fall. The campaign has barely started, yet they are already reconciled not merely to defeat but to disaster. And, what is even more significant, many Republicans, including longtime leaders, look forward to disaster with equanimity. For the moment, they have stopped caring.

POLITICAL forecasting is just about as dangerous a pastime as weather forecasting—or picking a three-horse parlay—but the Democrats are now talking about gaining anywhere between four and 10 seats in the Senate. Only 13 Democratic seats are up for election this year, and the Democrats are fairly certain of keeping all of them. Six are in the South, and six are in safe states like Missouri and Rhode Island. William Proxmire does face a fight in Wisconsin, but most Democrats think he will win. The Republicans, on the other hand, have 21 seats at stake, and 10, at least, are marginal. The optimists among the Democrats believe they will capture all 10, and only the most determined pessimists will be satisfied with four. Looking at the House, the Democrats are equally confident. They ex-

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IN JULY 1953 COMMENTARY published an article by HAROLD LAVINE entitled "Can Eisenhower Form a Government?" which evoked a good deal of comment, and in January 1954 he followed it up with "Why the Democrats Are Confident." Now he indicates grounds for expecting a major Democratic victory next November. Mr. Lavine is an associate editor of *Newsweek*.

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pect to pick up between 20 and 40 seats, and, if past performances mean anything, they should. In the five off-year elections since 1934, the party in control of the White House has lost an average of 44 seats.

The Republicans do not seriously dispute these predictions, for, mathematics aside, they know they are bucking a Democratic trend which began soon after the election of 1952 and has steadily continued ever since, even in the face of the Eisenhower victory of 1956 (when Eisenhower managed the unprecedented feat of winning re-election in a landslide without carrying either House of Congress for his party). This year, moreover, the Republicans have everything (except farm prices) going against them. The recession has not turned into a depression, but it has gone considerably deeper, and lasted considerably longer, than was generally expected; nor does a swift upturn appear in sight: Election Day probably will find close to five million workers unemployed. The successive shocks of Sputniks I, II, and III have left their mark. The international situation has deteriorated visibly, and faith in the administration's capacity to deal with it has dwindled. The resemblance between Dwight D. Eisenhower and George Washington has grown increasingly dim, and on top of it all there have come the revelations concerning Sherman Adams.

Given the mathematics of the election, the Democratic trend, and the general decline in administration fortunes, some observers believe that a Democratic gain in the House of 45 seats is likely, and the well-known statistician Louis Bean, for one, thinks a gain of 60 seats is possible. As a professional Democrat, Bean is also a professional optimist, but his predictions have not always proved wrong.

The Republicans survived the 1936 election, when they had only 88 members in the House. Why, then, should the prospect of sinking to 175 members (or even to 155 or 145) dishearten them? The answer is that, if defeat in the Congressional elections were all the Republicans had to look forward to, they would not be nearly so depressed as they are. What they really dread is that Election Day 1958 will leave the whole party organization in ruins. For—as every Republican leader knows only too well—the organization has been steadily decaying since 1952. And not only did the Eisenhower victories do nothing to arrest the decay, the contrary actually is true.

In 1936, Maine and Vermont remained Republican strongholds, impregnable even to Franklin D. Roosevelt at his mightiest, and a dozen other states that voted for Roosevelt stayed Republican at heart: a fact demonstrated at the very first opportunity, in 1938, when the Republicans gained approximately 80 seats in the House. The Midwest farmer who voted for Roosevelt did so because he liked the money which Roosevelt was pouring into his pocket. He did not become a Democrat, to say nothing of a New Dealer, but continued to consider himself a Republican, and in his county, the Republican organization, though badly shaken, remained a force to reckon with.

In 1958 Maine no longer is safely Republican. It is still predominantly so, but it now has a Democratic governor. And what has been happening in Maine has been happening elsewhere, only more so. Oregon, once predominantly Republican, is now predominantly Democratic. New Jersey, Connecticut, Washington, Iowa, even Landon's Kansas, all have Democratic governors, and California is expected to elect one this year. State by state, by giving the voters what they appear to want—and by skillful use of patronage—these Democratic governors, all of them young, all of them personable, all of them chromium-bright, have built machines that simply purr. Meanwhile, for a variety of reasons, the rival Republican organizations have been rusting and falling apart.

WHAT has saved the Republicans until now is the fact that most state constitutions are rigged against the cities and in favor of the rural areas, the villages, and small towns, where voting Republican has been a tradition. In state after state, these constitutions have prevented the Democrats

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from gaining control of both houses of the legislature. Given the growing strength of the Democratic organizations, however, they cannot remain barriers forever. The Democrats are in a good position to capture both houses of the California legislature this year, and they may conceivably do the same in New York and Connecticut. Election Day may well be the most dismal day since Chancellorsville for the Republican organizations in those states. For control of both houses of the legislature will give the Democrats the power of reapportionment, which is the power to gerrymander: with a stroke of a Democratic pencil, one Republican district after another will disappear.

By the very nature of his profession, the average politician is incapable of despair. Win or lose, he stays in business. There is always next year. Politicians, being human, do occasionally grow despondent, but when they do they become elder statesmen. Even the most pessimistic Republicans, therefore, believe that Nixon can win in 1960, and even the most pessimistic believe that Nixon can rebuild the party. Only the most optimistic, however, have any hope of stemming the Democratic tide, not to speak of reversing it until then. The rumors buzzing through Washington from time to time that Eisenhower plans to resign in Nixon's favor are the product of wishful thinking. The Republicans still like Ike as a man, and most of them still like him as President, but the overwhelming majority consider him an appalling failure as a party leader.

For a long time, when discussing the party's troubles, most Republican leaders felt an understandable reluctance to blame Eisenhower for them. They blamed Sherman Adams instead, or what they called "the Palace Guard," or "that crowd in the White House." This is no longer true: Republicans, even "Eisenhower Republicans," now criticize the President freely, and they criticize him most of all for the state of the Republican organization. The fact that Eisenhower is clearly not a politician may recommend him to a good many voters, Republicans as well as independents, but it drives the professionals to drink. They are men who cannot think about politics except in terms of the party organization; Eisenhower, in contrast, takes a rather lordly view of party matters: he obviously considers them beneath him, nor does he make any great effort to conceal his disdain for the men who keep the machine running from year to year, through defeat as well as victory. The men around Eisenhower not only share his attitude; they have no hesitation in expressing it publicly. Only a few days after the election of 1952, Sherman Adams (then still governor of New Hampshire) told an interviewer that Eisenhower was likely to name at least one Democrat to his Cabinet (which he later did by appointing Oveta Culp Hobby). When the interviewer suggested that some of the party faithful might take a dim view of this, he replied in effect, "So what?" Eisenhower, said Adams, owed these Republicans nothing.

THIS conviction that Eisenhower owes nothing to men who knocked themselves out for him in two campaigns is a constant refrain in the conversation of the men around the President. Not only has it done the party workers' morale no good; more important, it has resulted in a brutal disregard of their interests. For the men who must conduct the 1958 campaign, get the money for it, ring the doorbells, the Adams-Goldfine scandal was a crushing blow. It made a mockery of the boast that Eisenhower had cleaned up "the mess in Washington" and restored integrity to government. Naturally, they at once started calling for Adams's resignation. "I wish Adams would be booted out," said James Short, Republican state chairman of Oregon. "It would make it easier for us." "I've been going around for years making speeches about mink coats and deep freezes. Now I'm going to have to change my speeches," mourned Glen Rhodes, Republican state chairman of South Dakota. These men may have been wrong in believing that Adams should quit "for the good of the Republican party"; but their arguments did at least deserve consideration. Yet, when

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a reporter suggested as much to an Eisenhower aide, he was almost blasted from his chair with the angry rejoinder: "To hell with those b——. They owe Ike a hell of a lot more than he owes them. To hell with them."

While Democratic governors have been strengthening Democratic state organizations by the judicious use of patronage, Republican leaders have long complained that Adams has characteristically turned a cold shoulder to such requests. On Capitol Hill, Senators and Representatives alike complain of being treated with calculated discourtesy. Under every administration that anyone can remember, whether Republican or Democratic, it has been the practice for the White House, whenever the President is about to announce an appointment, to call the Senators from the man's home state and the Representative from his district, and let them know about it first. They then can leak the news of the appointment, and, if they wish, take credit for it. Quite frequently, this is a practice the White House now ignores. Such things might be relatively unimportant if Eisenhower had provided the kind of leadership the Republicans expected when they rallied behind him in 1952, but he has failed to do so. The followers of the late Senator Taft rallied to Eisenhower reluctantly, and only because Taft said they should, but even in their most morose moments they never expected, as one remarked recently, "to see the day when it's the Republican party that's fighting a tax cut."

In 1936 and 1940, in 1944 and 1948 and 1952, those Old Guard Republicans tried —and failed—to nominate a candidate who held their views. Through all those years, in spite of their failure, they remained the heart and soul of their party. By and large, what few Republicans managed to win election in the face of the Roosevelt landslides were Old Guard; what few Republican organizations remained in good shape were manned by the Old Guard. In their own way, these men are idealists, and they are men of conviction, too. They believe in low taxes, a balanced budget, curbs on "the labor bosses." They are against bureaucracy and in favor of "states' rights." They hate anything that even smacks of "socialism." They did not work through all the years of the New Deal and Fair Deal to put a man in the White House who would fight to maintain high taxes, and who would give the nation both its greatest peacetime budget and its greatest peacetime deficit. Yet that is what they now have. Some are boiling mad about it. Some are dispirited, some, like Senator William E. Jenner, are plain fed up. It was sheer disgust with the administration that caused Jenner to decide not to run for re-election.

No President can please everyone in his party. Roosevelt angered the Southern reactionaries, some of the big-city bosses, and the conservatives who thought John W. Davis was the greatest Democrat since Grover Cleveland. Quite a few of them turned Republican—but it didn't matter. For, in creating the New Deal, Roosevelt created a new Democratic image that captured the imagination of the country, an image that still has the power to move men.

If Eisenhower had done the same, the disaffection of the Taft Republicans would have meant as little as Al Smith's walk. Eisenhower did, of course, make a stab at creating a new Republican image, but it was a feeble thing. He declared himself in favor of what he called "modern Republicanism." The phrase served only to infuriate further the Taft Republicans who felt with justice that it was an implied criticism. It stirred nobody else, for nobody could ever figure out what "modern Republicanism" was, despite Arthur E. Larsen's valiant attempt to explain it (in his book, long since remaindered, *A Republican Looks at His Party*). No program of "modern Republicanism" was ever enunciated, no call to arms for "modern Republicanism" ever thundered from the White House. When Larsen was quietly dropped from the administration, even the phrase died.

One of the inevitable results has been the gradual loss of spirit among the "Eisenhower

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Republicans," the men who fought with such enthusiasm in Eisenhower's "crusade." The great majority of them still want to believe in Eisenhower, and when he stands up and fights, as he did for his defense-reorganization plan, he can still rekindle the old fervor. But these moments are rare. Though it would be a grievous mistake to believe that a significant number of the old "Eisenhower Republicans" have become disillusioned with him, it cannot be denied that, for many of them, his armor no longer gleams, even fitfully.

Eisenhower's failure to create a new Republican image has been his basic failure, not only as leader of his party but as President. Looking back, there was no excuse for it. In 1953, the nation was ready for a new political image, whether Democratic or Republican. It had outgrown the New Deal and the Fair Deal: Roosevelt's under-privileged had become home-owners in suburbia, and Henry Wallace's common man wore a gray flannel suit; voters who once had grumbled because their relief checks were late now fretted about "government extravagance." "The revolt of the middle class," as Samuel Lubell has called it, was in full swing. The situation appeared made-to-order for the Republican party, and for a while, the Republicans did profit from it. To the dismay of Democratic leaders, lifelong Democrats seemed to become Republicans the moment they moved to suburbia. A house, a mortgage, and a commutation ticket seemed enough to destroy voting habits that went back to 1932. This apostasy proved temporary, however. Like any revolt, that of the middle class needed a leader. Eisenhower could have assumed the leadership without challenge, for he was the hero of suburbia and of the flannel-suit brigade. He chose to become chairman of the board of the United States government instead.

STRANGELY, when leadership did come, it came from the Democrats. Suddenly and quite unexpectedly a new type of Democratic politician appeared, the politician in the gray flannel suit. In background, in appearance, and in outlook, he was precisely the kind of man who had made suburbia boom. He was himself a member of the new middle class created by the New Deal and Fair Deal. He was George Leader, Bob Meyner, Abe Ribicoff, Ed Muskie. Muskie is typical. His father was a Polish immigrant who became a tailor in Portland, Maine. He worked his way through school and college, saw service in World War II. When he decided to run for governor, he was practicing law in a ramshackle building on the main street of Waterville, one flight up, in a musty suite which he shared with a watch repairer. He was living with his young, attractive wife and his two small children in a Cape Cod cottage, in a housing development on the edge of the city which looked exactly like every other Cape Cod cottage on the street. He fitted into his community just perfectly.

These new Democratic leaders had not fought the battles of the 30's; they heard about them from their parents long after they were over. And for this reason the labels of the 30's don't fit them. They definitely are not New Dealers or Fair Dealers, but they are not conservatives either. They are liberals, but they have no great passion for social legislation. They are pro-labor, but they are careful to keep labor at arm's length. They have given their states clean, efficient administrations. They have been careful about spending money, and they have extended welfare programs only when absolutely necessary. However, they have administered the welfare programs already in existence with a good deal of flexibility and human sympathy. In general, they have concentrated on making their states better places to live in, and have left the cosmic questions alone. In state after state, they have created a new Democratic image simply by making the state Democratic organization over in their own image. This, evidently, is what the new middle class wants. And these men, therefore, are primarily responsible for the resurgence of the Democratic party. Nor should anyone underestimate their skill at organization: in sharp contrast with Eisen-

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hower, they are party men. Looking at them, Republican leaders just throw up their hands. The Republican party has nothing like them.

The Republican dilemma is certain to get worse before it gets better, for Eisenhower is exerting less and less leadership, and the party more and more resents his occasional attempts to lead. Whether there is a change in the foreseeable future depends entirely on Nixon, for the Republicans have no one else. If Nixon can win in 1960 (and right now his chances look reasonably good), he should be able to halt the decline of the party organization, for Nixon does understand the needs of the organization, and he feels an identity with the party workers. Whether even a victorious Nixon could make the Republicans the majority party again is another question. He may be precisely the kind of leader the Republican party will need in the 60's, but the 60's are still in the future, and Nixon still is living in the shadow of Eisenhower.

PERSONAE

SAUL TOUSTER

How does he fare
The man I was
Yesterday?—the lean lawyer
Who stowed his heart
In a bottom drawer.
Does he grieve any more?

Where is he stationed now?
—The young ensign
Of the last great war, his fleet
Of memories in moth balls,
His uniform and gold
Green with the seas and old.

And how's the naturalist
Who fed the wild duck
And shot the soaring seagull down?
Unruly hair and sky-blue eyes,
How goes the youth?
Can he survive the truth?

How does he fare,
The world's intruder,
His brother's seasick voyager?

At the captain's table
Does he still do that bit
That made him the favorite?

How does he manage
Among strangers,
Among their collections
Of breakables? One would think
The days would lead him home
From night's cold catacomb.

And where is the babe I was?
—The one at the breast
The whimpering whelp
Indistinguishable
From a thousand others
At their thousand mothers'.

Survivors all!
Guests of a gravid host
Shipwrecked from the womb.
Where are the islands
Of my history?
How is the sea?

SAUL TOUSTER's poems have appeared in COMMENTARY before. A graduate of Harvard Law School, he is presently teaching at the Law School of the University of Buffalo.

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TEMPLE EMANU-EL OF SAN FRANCISCO

A Glory of the West

ALLAN TEMKO

WITHIN two years after the discovery at Sutter's Mill, the rush for California gold had achieved worldwide proportions. By 1850 upwards of 5,000 immigrants were arriving each month, some of them overland through the Nevada desert and the passes of the Sierras, but the majority by the less arduous sea routes. Around the Horn, or via the Isthmus, or across the Pacific from Australia, the Argonauts in search of the fleece of gold sailed to San Francisco.

The city had been a trading station of less than a thousand inhabitants before gold was found, but now its permanent population was estimated at between 25,000 and 30,000, not including transients traveling to and from the mines. By 1853 these figures would rise to 50,000: one-seventh the population of the young state. Like most boomtowns of the frontier, San Francisco at first was composed largely of shanties and tents: a wood and canvas city which six times in the eighteen months between December 1849 and June 1851 was virtually burned to the ground. Each time it was rebuilt on a more ambitious scale. Its unbridled vice and crime were notorious among respectable people everywhere, not excepting the increasingly impatient respectable people of San Francisco itself. Inflation was extreme: the smallest coin in circulation was the dime; new clothes were no more expensive than the cost of laundering old ones. The harbor was filled with ships whose crews, to a man, had deserted to seek fortune in the diggings. The mire in the streets was in places so deep that mules and drunken men drowned in it. On the rough boardwalks, in the saloons and gambling hells, in the theaters and lavishly furnished hotels, mingled a cosmopolitan crowd, almost entirely male, young, and vigorous, and in many cases highly educated. The San Franciscans, with their taste for fine food and wine, differed considerably from the plainer men and women who opened the Middle Border. They came not only from the eastern and southern states, but from all the nations of Europe, from Turkey, Brazil, and China. Even after the transcontinental railroad in 1869 brought St. Louis and Chicago nearer than New York, London, and Paris, and ended the pioneer phase in California history, San Francisco retained its international character. Much of the city's charm today resides in the variety of its people's origins and in the openness and dignity with which that variety is displayed.

Scarcely exotic among a populace which included American Indians, Sandwich Islanders, Aleuts, Malays, Lascars, and an already numerous contingent of Chinese, but nevertheless proudly distinct in their adherence to their religion, were the American and European Jews who had been coming to California since the start of the rush.* Like the Gentile, the Jew had come for

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*Few, if any, Jews were present in California before it was formally ceded to the United States in 1848. To enter a Spanish-speaking Catholic country early in the 19th century required courage of a Jew. Quite aside from the official xenophobia of the Spanish and Mexican administrations in California, it should be recalled that the Holy Office of the Inquisition was not abolished in Spain until 1834.

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quick wealth. Gold, and gold alone, attracted the overwhelming majority of the newcomers. Like the Gentile again, the Jewish immigrant was almost always a strong young man who wore top boots and carried arms.

In spite of the lawlessness that marred the pioneer community, and the fires and epidemics which repeatedly swept over it, Jewish immigrants saw from the first that California was a Promised Land. For if the Jew, particularly the Jew fresh from Europe, came first and foremost to seek gold, he was often seeking escape from his past. The French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars had opened the gates of the European ghettos, and the uprisings of 1848 had promised additional freedom from legalistic and professional restrictions. But after the failure of the uprisings, reaction had set in with a vengeance—at the very moment that the blossom rock flowered in California. The rush for metal offered a literally golden opportunity to the Jew eager to free himself from persecution and poverty. "Never since the great Egyptian exodus," the historian Hubert Howe Bancroft observed with some irony, had Jews "found a soil and a society better suited to their character and taste, better adapted to their prosperity and propagation." In San Francisco and the mining camps the only credentials demanded of a stranger were courage, enterprise, tenacity. The Jew proved he possessed these in abundance. In return he asked, in Bancroft's phrase, "to be let alone, and here that blessing was granted him more fully than in any country he had ever seen." Side by side with friendly Christian neighbors, Jews constructed and embellished the city of the Golden Gate.

THE route taken by August Helbing, who was twenty-six years old in 1850, was followed by many of the pioneers. Helbing had enjoyed a favored childhood in Munich, where his father was court jeweler to King Ludwig I of Bavaria. At the insistence of the enlightened nobility his parents gave him a liberal education with the result that, when fighting broke out in 1848, he joined the republican forces. After the failure of the insurrection, he departed with prudent speed for New Orleans. When he heard of the sensational strikes of the Forty-niners, however, he proceeded to Panama, where he and a friend booked passage for San Francisco.

The very next day, as the ship was preparing to get under way, a train brought a new load of passengers across the Isthmus. Many of them held tickets sold in New York for accommodations already taken, including Helbing's stateroom. Years later he recalled the episode:

> I was young then, and strong as a lion. . . . The purser told me peremptorily to vacate, which I as promptly refused. He went for the captain, and the captain tried persuasion first, then threats. At this I took a brace of pistols and told them I would kill the first man attempting to enter my room; I had paid and had a right to its possession. But right or no right I would keep this room or die. The captain was not eager for bloodshed; he placed the passenger somewhere else, and my friend and I remained where we were.

They remained in their cabin until late that night, when Helbing went on deck. As his eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, he noticed "a man and woman holding a little child . . . cuddled up in a corner, shivering with cold and wet." He spoke to them, and discovered they were Jews. They had paid for a stateroom but had found it occupied at Panama. Helbing returned to his friend, explained the situation, and soon the family was in the cabin and the two men were rolled in blankets on deck. The lady was Mrs. Hugh Simon, one of the first Jewish women to come to San Francisco.

Helbing remained on deck the twenty-one days that it took for the ship to get to the Golden Gate. At last he saw the tremendous enclosed bay, in which the navies of the world could ride at anchor. The decaying old Spanish Presidio, whose flagstaff now flew the Stars and Stripes, guarded the harbor entrance. Farther off, out of sight beyond the Presidio hill, the Mission was also in decay. Inexplicably the Spaniards, who took Monterey for their colonial capital, had

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failed to grasp the potentialities of San Francisco's port. To the shrewd mind of the Yankee, however, its advantages had long been apparent. As early as 1835, when a single trader's shack stood on shore, and when a Russian hide-ship was the only other vessel in the bay, a seaman before the mast of the "Pilgrim" observed that "if California ever becomes a prosperous country, this bay will be the center of its prosperity." For, as Richard Henry Dana remarked, "the extreme fertility of its shores; the excellence of its climate, which is as near to being perfect as any in the world; and its facilities for navigation . . . . all fit it for a place of importance."

It became important and prosperous with unprecedented speed. The Spaniards, ironically, had failed, for all their renown as treasure-hunters, to discover California's incredible wealth in gold. In 1848 an American, James Wilson Marshall, did. In the two decades which followed, some $800,000,000 in California gold and Nevada silver passed through San Francisco, which in turn distributed bullion to New York, London, Paris, and Rotterdam. But precious metal alone could not have laid the basis for the city's enduring greatness. Benicia, its one-time rival which was capital of California in 1853, but now slumbers beside the Carquinez Straits, withered quickly. San Francisco owes its permanent importance to its superb natural position as a mercantile and financial center—a fact which a man like August Helbing, who was to be a founder of the San Francisco Stock Exchange, was alive to from the first.

When he disembarked, Helbing did not go to the mines. He opened a drygoods store in San Francisco. Other Jews—but by no means Jews exclusively, or even mainly—also went directly into business. Today their descendants, who bear such proud San Francisco names as Weill, Schwabacher, Magnin, Gerstle, Liebes, and Sloss, remain men of wealth and prominence. From modest beginnings and gimcrack little stores, tremendous commercial houses and industrial plants rose up. While the mines were still active, the Central Valley became one of the foremost wheat-producing areas in the world, and Isaac Friedlander was among the grain merchants who made their fortunes from the Valley's harvests. Lumber mills were going full blast in the fir and redwood forests, and the paper industry, still today dominated by the Zellerbach family, was under way. "Levis," now the common name for dungarees through the nation, were manufactured by the early millionaire Levi Strauss. Along the coast the vessels of Philip Solomon steamed. Jews were also active in banking. Benjamin Davidson was the representative of the Rothschild interests which, in the 50's at least, commanded the largest accumulation of capital in California. Lazard Frères, then, as now, transacted large-scale dealings between San Francisco and Paris. Seligmans, Wormers, and other Jewish families helped to create and direct banks which have grown to colossal size and power on the West Coast.

Yet great wealth was in 1850 still remote for the typical immigrant. In his jerry-built shop, this immigrant's quick gains were often as quickly consumed by fire; the Jewish trader was not spared the hardship and the indescribable sadness that were part of the frontier. The handsome volumes on Californiana omit often to mention the unpleasant details: that, for example, a thousand desperate men committed suicide in the city each year. The scarcity of women was more extreme than is generally realized. In 1850 the proportion of women to men in the state was one to twelve; thirty years later it was still only one to three. In this society, whose major sources of pleasure were the bar, the gambling hall, and the brothel, the young Jewish men felt their isolation keenly. "We had no suitable way of spending our evenings," August Helbing recalled. "We passed the time back of our stores, and oftentimes were disgusted and sick from the loneliness of our surroundings."

THE pioneer Jew was to find solace and fellowship in his religion. A community took shape. New arrivals were welcomed at

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the dock by a committee helping them to secure decent lodgings and employment, and providing them with kosher food. Those who were penniless or ill were given substantial assistance, so that Jews were almost never dependent on public charity. The absence of Jewish criminals was considered phenomenal. The sense of rectitude was accompanied by piety. At the most intense moment of the Rush of '49 the Jews of San Francisco put aside all other activity on Yom Kippur to fast and to pray.

"About forty or fifty Israelites have engaged a room to celebrate the . . . fast day," Morris Samuel wrote to his brother in Philadelphia, "and have invited me to attend." This improvised house of worship was on the second floor of a building on Montgomery Street, above an assayer's store. Throughout the day, as the Jews chanted their services upstairs, gold dust was weighed, received, and paid for below. No Scroll of the Law was available, and consequently Leon Dyer of Baltimore, who acted as reader, used a printed Pentateuch. Only one lady was present, Mrs. Barnett Kessing. And at the same time another service, attended by about ten persons, was held in a tent occupied by Louis Franklin, a few blocks away on Jackson Street. This division revealed the kind of doctrinal and social schism which manifested itself regularly in pioneer communities of Jews. Here in early San Francisco, Jews from Poland and northern Germany, and a large number from England, subscribed to the *Minhag Polen*. Jews from southern Germany, in particular from Bavaria, preferred the *Minhag Ashkenaz*. The Bavarians—the *Baiern*—constituted a "patrician" element. "That the Baiern were superior to us," Harriet Lane Levy recalled with wry wit, "we knew. We took our position as the denominator takes its stand under the horizontal line."*

The result was the formation of two pioneer congregations. Because of the destruction of records in the 1906 earthquake some confusion exists concerning their establishment, but it would seem that the Polish, or Anglo-Polish, Sherith Israel ("Remnant of Israel") was the first to be founded, on April 13, 1850. The other, Emanu-El, composed of German, Alsatian, French, and some English Jews, was formed only after a series of meetings held to reconcile the two factions had ended in failure. Even after the split, the members within each group would continue to bicker among themselves on ritualistic questions. Both congregations originally were Orthodox, but portions of their membership splintered away as the Reform movement very early gained control of Emanu-El and eventually, in 1893, of Sherith Israel too. The cleavage within the community ran deep. Rival benevolent societies, literary clubs, and, as the number of women increased, sewing circles sprang up. The pioneer Jews found common ground only in the cemetery, for which Emanuel Hart had donated the land in 1849; thereafter, in death if not in life, Sherith Israel and Emanu-El were united in "Hills of Eternity."

SYNAGOGUE construction, which had been envisaged as early as 1849, was necessarily delayed by the division of so small a community of Jews. Services continued to be held in rented quarters, which were decorated and made as "homey" as possible by the married women. Purim parties and circumcision celebrations took place in hotels. But from their very inception—and nothing shows more strikingly their confidence in the city's future—both congregations were determined to erect permanent, "noble" temples. Emanu-El, which has always been the wealthier of the two, held a fund-raising meeting on March 16, 1851, as the first step toward building a synagogue. Fifteen hundred dollars was there and then pledged by the membership.

But on the following May 4 the fifth great San Francisco fire devastated three-fourths of the city. It was reckoned the worst disaster of its kind since the burning of Moscow. Eighteen square blocks, and por-

*See her *920 O'Farrell Street* for a fascinating and delightful account of Jewish life in San Francisco during the Gilded Age.

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tions of five or six more, were burned to the ground, including the entire business section. More than 1,500 houses were destroyed. Damage was estimated at between $10 and $12 million. The $1,500 collected for Emanu-El's synagogue literally had gone up in smoke. Virtually nothing had been insured, and the brunt of the loss fell upon the San Franciscans. With a will, they immediately started rebuilding the city. Six weeks later another major fire swept over the city, on June 22, causing an additional $3 million of destruction. This sixth great fire was the final blow to many pioneers, who left the city forever. But for the majority the fire represented a turning point. A new San Francisco rose from the ashes—"the Phoenix of the Pacific." The city was especially fortunate in having attracted architects who, unlike the carpenter-builders of the Middle West, were graduates of the Beaux-Arts or of technical schools in Europe and the United States. The new San Francisco's structures could compare favorably with those of contemporary London and Paris. How handsome they were can still be seen in the Montgomery Block of 1853, one of the few downtown structures to survive the 1906 earthquake. Its architect, Gordon Cummings, produced an Italianate design of admirable beauty and strength, enriched by lively detail, which perfectly expressed the young city's mood. Moreover, together with virtually every large building which went up at this time, the Montgomery Block was intended to be fireproof; the structure was of brick, covered with plaster, and iron shutters protected the windows. By now, too, a superb volunteer fire department kept flames under control. Jewish citizens, as they had earlier joined the First Vigilance Committee, of course became members of the colorful hose and engine companies: Empire No. 1, Protection No. 2, Howard No. 3, Monumental No. 6.

IN A short time San Francisco was again prospering. New immigrants more than compensated for those who had returned East. Many "proper" women arrived. Population climbed. Homes and commercial buildings naturally received priority in the reconstruction program, but soon the Jews again thought of their synagogue projects. As the community expanded with the city, rented accommodations became inadequate. Emanu-El grew from 40 members in 1851 to 75 in 1853. The following year its membership doubled, and stood at 147. Sherith Israel, although slightly smaller, increased proportionately. There were now children to be considered, too. Most of their parents wished them to receive formal religious training.

By the spring of 1854 construction became possible. Both congregations possessed substantial building funds and had purchased lots. It was probably no coincidence that the sites were within two blocks of one another: Sherith Israel on Stockton Street off Broadway; and Emanu-El on Broadway itself, near Powell. These locations were on the edge of the commercial district, but close to the middle-class residential neighborhoods where many Jews lived. In June the architects' plans were approved and the building contracts signed.

As if sent by Providence, the city's first rabbi, Dr. Julius Eckman, arrived on the first of July from Mobile, Alabama, just as the temples began to rise. This learned and charitable man, a graduate of the University of Berlin who had mastered seven languages, and a teacher who gave lessons free of charge, was also a believer in Orthodoxy. His convictions would soon cause dismay among the San Franciscans, but for the moment all went well. He was invited to assume the pulpit of Emanu-El, and on July 24 he officiated at the cornerstone laying. Two weeks later he presided at a similar ceremony for Sherith Israel. In September the buildings were completed in time for the High Holidays. Five years earlier the Jews of San Francisco had worshipped in a tent and a bare room. Now two flourishing congregations possessed synagogues solidly constructed of brick, which were considered by the press to be "substantial and elegant" and "an ornament to the city." It was a moment

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to be marked in the history of Judaism and of the American West.

In accordance with prevailing taste in religious architecture, the temples were "Gothic" in style. Their windows and portals were pointed. Buttresses seemed to support the walls. In fact, the buildings were ingenuously Victorian. Structurally, they were little more than oblong boxes to which neo-Gothic ornamentation had been applied. Only the street façades were treated elaborately. Otherwise the exteriors were very plain. Within, each of the temples was divided into upper and lower levels. The synagogue itself occupied the upper floor. Below were vestries and schoolrooms.

In old engravings, which depict bonneted ladies with parasols entering the synagogues on the arms of gentlemen in stove-pipe hats and frock coats, the buildings look quite similar. Basically they were. But Emanu-El, designed by William Craine and Thomas England, was the more imposing of the two. It measured 65 by 78 feet, compared with Sherith Israel's 40 by 60. Its seating capacity of 800 was twice that of Sherith Israel. As can be expected, Emanu-El was also more costly to construct: on it was expended $19,000, as compared with Sherith Israel's $10,000. Taken as architecture alone, Emanu-El was surely the more interesting structure. A large tracery window dominated the center of its façade. On either side was an arched portal, to which a staircase ascended at a right angle from the street. These staircases, as well as the small pointed windows above the portals, and the rose window above the central lancet, were well considered by the architects. The proportions were rather fine. And two tall buttresses, whose *fleuron* pinnacles sharply broke the pitch of the roof, gave spirit to the whole. Sherith Israel, designed by Miner Frederic Butler, was less complex. A pair of high, narrow windows flanked its Gothic doorway. The gable above was surmounted by three pinnacles. Neither of these buildings, it should be noted, gave any architectural indication, on the exterior at least, that they were synagogues. They closely resembled churches of the period. Of their interiors little is known. The five lancet windows in each side wall must have furnished good lighting. There were galleries for women in both synagogues.

On Friday afternoon, September 8, 1854, Sherith Israel was the first synagogue to be consecrated in San Francisco. On September 14 came the turn of Emanu-El. Rabbi Eckman officiated at both services, during which "beautifully decorated" scrolls, one of them donated by Sir Moses Montefiore of London, were carried seven times about the temple to the "seraphine accompaniment" of the choir. The *Daily Alta* noted only one difference between the ceremonies. At Emanu-El "sixteen sweet, pretty little girls, dressed in white, with blue sash bands and shoulder knots" accompanied the men carrying the Torahs. "From each scroll depended blue ribbons, and on each side of each scrollbearer walked a little girl, bearing in her hand the end of a ribbon."

THE synagogues were erected in the nick of time. The next year the Panic of 1855 seized San Francisco. Most of the populace, from bankers to bootblacks, had speculated in mining stocks, and the city was one of the hardest hit in the nation. But again the San Franciscans turned adversity to some profit.

Growing indignation against municipal corruption and extravagance at last erupted in the re-establishment of the Vigilance Committee. Here is not the place to pass judgment on the Vigilantes, who were so confident that they possessed the extra-legal right to judge others. Yet Pauline Jacobson in her *City of the Golden Fifties* was able to speak of the Committee's armed intervention in civic affairs as a "revolution." The "solid classes" of the city, which had neglected their public responsibilities for nearly a decade, so long as prosperity continued, now claimed those responsibilities by force. When the Vigilantes proudly published their membership list, many Jewish names appeared, including those of the financiers Benjamin Davidson and Jesse Seligman. Those who had misgivings about the Committee discov-

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ered that it could, if need be, apply severe pressure even on honest citizens; businessmen who did not wish to join were boycotted. It must be said to the credit of the Committee that it undoubtedly provided the municipal government with new stability, if not with absolute integrity. The courts, which had been extremely reluctant to deliver convictions, henceforth assumed responsibility.

Such developments were warmly welcomed by the Jewish merchants, who were to acquire "prestige and complacency," as young Harriet Levy skeptically looked on. Her father Benish Levy represented a type, and she knew the type perfectly:

> There was no deviation from the one standard of excellence. Each had a paying business, a family, a house and lot, and some money in the bank. Each stood firm on his feet, looked the world straight in the eye, and knew that he measured up well by the standard of God and man. They paid their dues to the synagogue, observed the Sabbath, gave to the charities, supported poor relations, and among men in business their word was as good as their bond.
>
> They stood for solid possessions, acquired by solid worth, upon adherence to solid principles. They were all strong men in muscle and in moral fiber. They obeyed the law; they spoke the truth and expected it. . . . The world of successful merchants was our world, and I did not know that there was another.

Yet such men helped to create the city of 100,000 inhabitants at which Richard Henry Dana marveled during his second visit to San Francisco in 1860. The sight he beheld from his comfortable room in the Oriental Hotel seemed hardly credible. Where a shack had stood a quarter of a century earlier, he saw courthouses, theaters, and hospitals. The harbor sheltered more tonnage than London or Liverpool. The French restaurants seemed to him as good as those in Paris. San Francisco had become "one of the capitals of the American Republic, and the sole emporium of a new world, the awakened Pacific." The New Englander also noted the many steeples and towers which rose above the roofs of the city, and made a round of the churches. One Saturday he visited a synagogue, after which he remarked that "the Jews are a wealthy and powerful class here." (Unfortunately he did not record his impressions of the services.)

This class constructed its own most fitting monument in one of the important buildings of the 19th century: the new Temple Emanu-El. It was also a monument to a new conception of Judaism incarnated by men such as Elkan Cohn. His Temple Emanu-El, together with Isaac M. Wise's Temple B'nai Yeshurun in Cincinnati and Temple Emanu-El in New York, was one of the three great early synagogues of the Reform movement in the United States. Emanu-El's first rabbi, Julius Eckman, quarreled with his nominally Orthodox congregation shortly after he arrived in 1854. He moved to Sherith Israel, but here too, among men who interpreted the Law more strictly than at Emanu-El, he was deemed "old-fashioned." Most of the pioneers were then under thirty; Dr. Eckman was fifty. In the interval separating their generations the world had changed. After a few months Dr. Eckman resigned. In 1855 he founded *The Gleaner,* the first Jewish periodical on the Pacific Coast, to which he devoted himself until his death in 1874.

Sherith Israel remained two years without a rabbi until it found a man after its heart in Dr. Henry A. Henry, an English-born disciple of London's famous Rabbi Herschel. Emanu-El waited five years before Elkan Cohn, an advocate of Reform, was invited to come from Albany, New York, and assume the pulpit in 1860.

Rabbi Cohn was forty years old and at the height of his powers. In the six years since he had been called from the ancient community of Brandenburg to Albany, he had become a major figure in American Judaism. He was also a scholar and a linguist. As a student at the University of Berlin, where he had become acquainted with the Reform movement after an Orthodox upbringing in Posen, he had written Hebrew poetry and Greek and Latin verse. Although he was to retain a German accent until the

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end of his life, his English was "plain, beautiful, and full of wisdom." He spoke French too, which undoubtedly endeared him to the Lazards, Cahens, Godcheaux, and other French Jews who were among the most influential members of Emanu-El. In course of time he would become "beloved" by everyone. But at the outset friction developed between the rabbi and a substantial portion of the congregation. Dr. Cohn wished to remove from the ritual such traces of "Orientalism" as the covering of heads. Not all of the pioneers were willing to go that far. In 1864, at the very moment their support was urgently needed for the new temple then contemplated, seventy families—a full third of the membership—seceded, and organized the Congregation Ohabai Shalome. The extent of this loss can be measured by the fact that Ohabai Shalome in its first year erected a synagogue which cost $60,000.*

If Elkan Cohn and the leaders of Emanu-El were shaken, they gave little sign. The Rabbi held to his principles with the same kindly expressed but inflexible firmness with which he supported the Union in the Civil War. He was a friend of the fervent Abolitionist Thomas Starr King, the Unitarian minister who, as much as any man, kept California on the side of the North. Starr King and Elkan Cohn had the happy idea of joining their congregations on Thanksgiving Day, a tradition which has persisted. In 1865 Cohn's deeply cherished hopes were realized. The Union had triumphed (although the Rabbi fell down "as if in a faint" when the news of Lincoln's death reached him during services). Emanu-El formally abandoned the *Minhag Ashkenaz*. And a temple was rising—*The* Temple Emanu-El, it would be called by Jews and Christians alike—which was to be "the pride and wonder of California."

THE Broadway synagogue had been outgrown within a decade. Moreover, its location was no longer acceptable. The middle and upper classes were moving to the far side of Nob and Russian Hills, to bay-windowed houses such as Benish Levy's 920 O'Farrell Street, and across Van Ness Avenue to the Western Addition which had once been sand. Children from these homes could not conveniently come to Broadway for instruction. Nor could their parents remain satisfied with the appearance of the old temple. They not only wanted something better: they wanted "an edifice combining all that modern art and taste can design."

In 1860 a committee was appointed to select a new lot. Two sites were available, one on Nob Hill itself. Why Emanu-El did not choose this eminence, where the Stanford, Flood, Hopkins, and Crocker mansions would be built, is a mystery. Perhaps some members were reluctant to climb the steep hill on the Sabbath. The other site was one of the finest in San Francisco. Today it is occupied by the skyscraper 450 Sutter Street, which towers above the fashionable shops surrounding Union Square. The price of $15,000—at which Benjamin Davidson offered it to his congregation—was considered reasonable enough.

There remained the selection of an architect. Even if a Jew could have been found practicing architecture on the Pacific Coast, it is doubtful that Emanu-El would have chosen him on the basis of his religion alone. But the few Jewish architects in the United States were in the East. None of them, including Leopold Eidlitz, was as gifted as William Patton, the creator of Emanu-El. With Gordon Cummings he was the finest early architect in California. Patton, born in north England, very early came to know the majestic Norman cathedral and university buildings at Durham, where he studied architecture. Eventually he entered

*This "handsome edifice," as it was described in the *San Francisco Directory of 1865*, was designed by William Patton, the architect of the second Temple Emanu-El. It was "an elegant and substantial brick structure," whose interior was richly decorated. All the woodwork was in "beautifully carved and polished" black walnut. The backs and seats of the pews were upholstered in crimson damask; the floor was covered with Brussels carpets. It was illuminated by eight "Gothic windows" above the galleries on either side and by a rose window above the ark. From the center of the ceiling was suspended a chandelier of sixty lights.

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the London office of the most famous architect of the Gothic Revival, Sir Gilbert Scott, who created the Albert Memorial. Abandoning a promising career in England, Patton in 1849 sailed round the Horn: he had been unable to resist the gold fever. After a few difficult years in the mines and a brief, luckless period as a businessman, he decided to return to his profession.

At the time he was engaged by Emanu-El in 1864, Patton had already designed several of the most admired buildings in California. As a church architect, he found himself without a rival after creating Starr King's Unitarian Church in 1863. Its main feature was a flamboyant rose window, resembling the transept roses of the Cathedral of Sens. This alone would have won him the Emanu-El commission.

His plans for the synagogue were enthusiastically accepted, and contracts were signed, calling for an expenditure of $134,000. On October 25, 1864, President Louis Sachs laid the cornerstone with a handsome silver trowel which, on behalf of the congregation, he presented to the architect, adding the hope that "the building, when completed, would be as appropriate and beautiful in its purpose as that instrument itself."

Patton's reply was a memorable tribute to toleration:

> If there is anything especially admirable in this wonderful age, and in this wonderful land . . . it is that cosmopolitan freedom of thought and toleration of opinion that treats all civilized men and women as equal. The past social history of Europe and Asia, almost up to the present day, is mostly a recount of schisms and enmities, vindictiveness and persecutions for religion's sake. . . . Here, at least, the Gentile does not revile the Jew, nor the Jew the Gentile. Here every man worships God as he best chooses, according to his conscience. No sectarian prejudice interferes with the rapid progress of this people . . . untrammeled alike by Popish tyranny of intolerance or by Puritanical spite. . . .

Thereupon he proceeded to give a historical summary of Jewish architecture; for the Victorian age, it was exceptionally well informed. Although the Jews had been denied a national history since ancient times, he then declared, there was "no reason why they should not at least henceforth possess an architectural history." He made a fascinating denunciation of eclecticism in synagogue design. Nothing so intelligent was to be expressed on the subject until men such as Erich Mendelsohn, Frank Lloyd Wright, and Percival Goodman again took it up in the 20th century:

> Shall we go to the dark ages of the world for the source of our inspiration . . . and adopt the Byzantine or Romanesque? or shall we, by adopting certain forms, work out our own problem suitably for the day in which we live and to the spirit of the present time? Shall we make use of all forms, conventional and natural, and mould them by our spirit to our will? Shall we create it in a day, or will it be the growth of a century? To this I say—Let us do our part and it shall be seen.

In the old photographs and newspaper accounts of the lost building, we can see what sort of synagogue William Patton hoped would mark "the commencement of an Architectural Jewish era."

On the easy hill of the north side of Sutter Street, throughout the year 1865, the San Franciscans watched a building rise whose over-all dimensions—some 80 feet wide and 120 feet long—compared with those of a medium-sized cathedral of the Middle Ages. The building obviously had more in common with a medieval structure than size alone. It was apparent that William Patton, in spite of his disapproval of historicism, in fact had borrowed heavily from a historical style: the Gothic. His façade was an adaptation of the classical Gothic façade: four main buttresses, very much like the great forward buttresses of Notre-Dame of Paris, marked its three vertical divisions, rising to twin towers. Eight similar buttresses ran the length of either side, dividing the nave into bays. Projecting from the rear was a flat-walled apse—a type often preferred in England to the rounded French apse—which enabled the architect to take maximum advantage of the confined city lot.

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Yet it was evident that this was no slavish copy of a medieval design. For one thing, comparatively few Gothic buildings were constructed in brick, as was this synagogue. Only the decorative moldings and trim were in stone, probably California granite. The rest was superlative brickwork. To see what excellence San Francisco achieved in brick masonry in the 19th century, one has only to visit Fort Point, beside the Golden Gate, which was erected a few years before Emanu-El. The synagogue's brickwork was as fastidious and as powerful. The bricks lifted in beautifully bonded beds, curving in arches and vaults, performing any structural or decorative role the architect desired.

What distinguished such construction from that of the Broadway temple was its organic wholeness. Gothic decoration was not merely plastered against a brick box. The arches, the pillars, the buttresses were built into the structure, as they would have been in a truly medieval church. William Patton's British apprenticeship served him well. No nation has ever used brick construction more convincingly than England, and probably nowhere in the world could he have learned its secrets so thoroughly as in Durham and York. The contemporary press did not exaggerate when it described him as a "master builder." For once, remarked the *Pioneer,* a client had generously enabled Patton "to give his genius wing." Too often the ambitious architect had been "hindered by the views of owners" and their "fear of a little extra expense." At Emanu-El no expense was spared: the total cost of the building, after the interior was fully furnished, amounted to $200,000—an outlay undertaken by two hundred-odd families. Patton was "given his way," and his masterpiece—he and the public both so considered it—rose majestically above San Francisco.

MONUMENTAL flights of steps, sheltered from the street by an arcaded wall, led to the central portal from either side. Above the entrance stood a triangular porch, supported by two round arches which extended diagonally from the façade and converged in a single pier. Deep within the shadows of the porch was the portal of the temple. Round arches, suggesting the Romanesque, rather than the pointed ones expected in a neo-Gothic structure, were employed deliberately by Patton. For directly above the portal was a tremendous stained glass window, about 45 feet high and 20 feet wide, whose round arch spanned the full central compartment of the façade. Its elegant tracery traveled upward not to a rose *motif,* which of course would have been logically housed beneath a round arch, but to a Shield of David ingeniously enclosed in a circular framework. Here was Patton's contribution to a truly Jewish architecture: the Jewish symbol was made inseparable from basic structure, and exuberantly displayed in an expression of religious freedom. In tall windows to either side, beneath the towers, Shields of David again appeared within round arches; and again in the windows on the sides of the towers. Higher still, inscribed in panels at the base of the towers, were four more monumental Shields of David. Between the towers, at the crest of the central gable, more than 100 feet above the ground and on view to all the city, were the stone Tablets of the Law. Never, either in ancient or modern times, had Jewish symbols been displayed so conspicuously and in such profusion on the exterior of a building.

In no sense was the decorative scheme of this prophetic building capricious or merely literary. The Shields of David, together with the cornices, crockets, and other ornamental details, gave superb scale to the building as it rose upward with effortless grace and power. The transition of the towers from a square base to an octagon, a problem that plagued even the architects of the Middle Ages, was solved with extraordinary originality. The buttresses, narrowing and receding as they ascended, were suddenly sprung free, in minaret-like shafts, as the towers lifted to the crowning glory of Emanu-El: its twin domes. One hundred and sixty-five feet above San Francisco, the bulbs of these twin domes tapered upward in what might seem a Byzantinesque dream, and

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then pointed still higher, to culminate in two round golden spheres—"the golden globes"—which in the sunlight were visible for miles.

WHAT, if anything, did these strange domes mean? Rachel Wischnitzer has placed them at the background of the Moorish Revival.* And indeed, they can be interpreted as "Oriental" in form. But why, in a building which was otherwise so carefully considered, should it be assumed that the domes were purely fanciful? Granted that William Patton may have seen a picture of one of the Moorish synagogues erected in Germany at this time, as Mrs. Wischnitzer suggests, would he have merely placed the domes as meaningless eclectic additions on the tops of his splendidly proportioned towers? From what is known of the architect, this seems unlikely. The domes, moreover, gave a perfect note of completion to the strong and sensitive structure beneath them. All this suggests they were part of a unified symbolic conception. Sheathed in bronze, tipped in gold, glistening in the sunlight, could they not have suggested the crowns of a Torah?

A curious piece of evidence supports this interpretation. The *Pioneer,* in its obituary of Patton in 1899, described the domes as "the pomegranate capitals which crown the towers." By striking coincidence, the Hebrew term for the head pieces, or capitals, of the Torah is *rimmonim,* which literally means "pomegranates." The author of the unsigned article in the *Pioneer,* probably the editor R. A. Thompson himself, could scarcely have hit upon his description by hazard. Had he heard it from William Patton or Elkan Cohn? If so, Patton's conception of a truly Jewish architecture gains depth and force. The building, in its very form, would then have been a symbolic representation of the Law. The *rimmonim,* crowning the twin towers, were the capitals of the giant image of the Torah. The tremendous central window, proudly displaying the Shield of David, was the Torah's breastplate.

Yet still another interpretation is possible. The famous brazen pillars of the Temple of Solomon, fashioned by Hiram of Tyre, were surmounted by pomegranate capitals. Possibly Elkan Cohn and William Patton sought to recall the glory of the Temple in the glistening domes of the synagogue.

In any case it seems clear that the rabbi and the architect were directly inspired by the Biblical fruit, symbol of the mystical goodness and fertility of the earth. Throughout the Bible the pomegranate is the sign of joy and abundance, the refreshing gift of the Lord to a people emerged from the dry wilderness. And was not California a new Canaan? Truly it was "a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig trees, and pomegranates. . . . A land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack any thing in it; a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass."

"The pomegranates have budded," sang the passionate sweetheart of the Song of Songs, and the synagogue, in its structural music, proclaimed a mystical message to San Francisco: "O that thou wert as my brother! . . . I would lead thee, and bring thee into my mother's house. . . . I am a wall, and my breasts like towers."

In their Biblical splendor the gold-tipped towers were the pride of the city. They were the first landmark sighted by ships rounding the point of Telegraph Hill. Students, hiking in the Berkeley hills above the University, saw them, distant but vivid, across the blue expanse of the bay. The Temple, the anonymous writer in the *Pioneer* asserted, was "a true creation of genius, harmonious in all its parts and growing in height and beauty the longer the eye rests upon it. Its twin pomegranate spires are visible from all the approaches to San Francisco and the interest

*See her *Synagogue Architecture in the United States* (1955) for a discussion of the "Moorish" synagogues which followed Emanu-El. An important monument directly inspired by Emanu-El, which she does not mention, was the old Temple B'nai B'rith in Los Angeles.

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they arouse is more than realized on a closer view."

The interior possessed the same grand structural rhythm as the outside of the synagogue. Here too, eclectic detail was subordinated to a virile conception of space. Through the abstract patterns of the stained glass windows light flooded the interior of the auditorium. It was one of the largest vaulted rooms ever constructed in California, 53 feet across, 97 feet long, and 50 feet from the floor to the highest keystones. Twelve hundred people could be seated in the pews of polished black walnut and in the elegant galleries cantilevered outward on either side. The Ark, hung with crimson velvets, and flanked by columns which rose 35 feet without a break to their flowered capitals, was lodged within the great triumphal arch of the apse. Its rosewood was delicately carved and inlaid with Shields of David and the Tablets of the Law. Above the Ark was a mighty organ. Higher still was a circular window containing a twelve-pointed star: the Seal of Solomon combined with the Shield of David. Beneath the auditorium, serving structurally and spiritually as its foundation, was the school for eight hundred students.

At the dedication ceremony on Friday afternoon, March 24, 1866, the Christian reporter of the Daily Alta "was lost in admiration at the magnificent proportions of the interior." The gas lights had been turned on, "making a most striking appearance." After the Scrolls were reverently placed in the Ark, Rabbi Cohn gave an hour-long sermon in which he stated "that whilst of religion they were Israelites, they knew no other nationality than that of Americans." Then Cantor Weisler sang the service, accompanied by the choir, "and the stranger became aware how grand and beautiful—how harmonious and pleasant is the ancient tongue—the Hebrew."

For forty years the Temple reigned over San Francisco, as the pioneers aged. Elkan Cohn, white-bearded and venerable, died in 1889. Ten years later William Patton followed him. In 1906, after the earthquake shook the city, San Francisco was devastated by the most terrible of its fires. The synagogue was charred and gutted, yet its walls held.

The building was restored, but the domes were not rebuilt. Somehow, it was never the same again. In 1926 the congregation at last followed the progress of the city westward. A new Emanu-El, one of the most sumptuous synagogues ever constructed, was erected where, two generations before, sand had blown in the wind. Now almost all of the pioneers were gone, blown like grains of sand. Their city had grown more lordly and wealthy than Tyre, and like Tyre it had been built by a multitude of nations. But Judah, and the land of Israel, had been its merchants. In its market they had traded wheat of Minnith, and honey, and oil, and balm.

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CATHOLICISM AND DEMOCRACY

An Exchange

"How Democratic Is Christian Democracy?" asked H. STUART HUGHES in COMMENTARY's May number, in an article discussing MICHAEL FOGARTY's book, *Christian Democracy in Western Europe, 1820-1953*. Professor Fogarty, who is in the Department of Industrial Relations at the University College of South Wales, here takes issue with Professor Hughes's views, and the latter, in his reply, elaborates his misgivings about the clerical direction of the Christian Democratic parties. Professor Hughes, who teaches history at Harvard, is a frequent contributor to COMMENTARY. He is the author of *Oswald Spengler* (1952) and *The United States and Italy* (1953); Knopf will soon bring out his new book, *Consciousness and Society*.

Michael P. Fogarty: Reviewing my *Christian Democracy in Western Europe* in COMMENTARY for May, Professor Hughes writes that I have left out of account the implicit tensions between Christianity and political democracy in Continental Europe. I thought I had put it right in the center. But anyway, here goes for an attempt at better communication.

Democracy is a technique of government which Christians, like others, can value both for its own sake—liberty as a consumer good—and as a means of solving social problems. Only, of course, like all techniques, it has to be learned. The learning process in Continental Europe in the 19th and late 18th century had two parts. Part one was the insistence, largely by humanist liberals and socialists, especially in the countries along the Rhine, but also by Calvinists and an important section of Catholics, that government of the people by the people is a good thing. Part two was the insistence, largely by the Christians, that this good thing has its limits. In their earlier totalitarian phase the liberal and socialist movements made claims for the rights of majorities, notably in the cultural sphere, which no reputable democrat today would endorse. The great service of European Christians to democracy was to defeat these claims, and so fix the limits of majority rule.

Here lies the point of what I said in my book about Pope Pius IX's definitions of dogma; that they are the hard rock on which Catholic support for Christian Democracy is based. Dr. Hughes, I take it, has some convictions that he will not sacrifice however the majority may vote. So have we; and we feel all the firmer on our feet, and the better able to work with our neighbors in a democratic society, when these convictions are defined and set out for all to see. The test of democratic convictions is not "other-direction," a readiness to accept the group view whatever it may be. It is on the contrary only those who have clear and profound convictions, and are willing in the last resort to sacrifice all to them, who are profitable citizens of a democracy. Democracy calls for that hard crust of unshakable conviction that Kurt Lewin used to locate in the center of his ideal personality type. And the test of democratic government is the extent to which, respecting the supreme value of human personality, it enables all the citizens to live according to their convictions. A democracy which (to take Dr. Hughes's example) faces its citizens with a choice between their religion and the maintenance of democratic forms has already, as a democracy, ceased to exist.

Out, at any rate, of the fusion of the liberal-socialist insistence on the rights of majorities with the Christian insistence on their limits, has come the common view of democracy that is today shared more or less

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from the Liberals on the right of European democratic politics, via the Christian Democrats in the center, to the Social Democrats on the left. These are the parties on whose basic community of view—their unity in the sense in which Republicans and Democrats are basically united on the American Constitution—democracy in Western Europe depends. It is perfectly fair to argue that the contribution of Continental Christians to the evolution of this common view, though recently very great and positive, was at the start often (not always!) that of Her Majesty's Opposition. But it is not fair to forget that the contribution of an opposition, though negative, is necessary and constructive. European democracy could not have been built without it. And this leads to an important point which Dr. Hughes mentions but does not fully bring out. This tendency to become Her Majesty's Opposition is characteristic, not of all Christians faced with the growth of democracy, but particularly of those in certain countries of Continental Europe: also, for similar reasons, of Latin America. Why did Continental Christians so often take up an Opposition role, whereas in Ireland or Britain or the U.S.A. it was largely Christians, though to start with at least as conservative as those of Europe, who promoted and built democracy?

THE answer is that the Continental Christians were in opposition largely because they were put there: they had so much to resist. We European Christian Democrats (for I would call myself one), with all our faults, have to change gear rather sharply to understand those who see us as benighted saboteurs of the Sir Galahads of humanism and liberalism. We see ourselves rather as members of a Church blasted out of existence by one set of liberals in the French Revolution, forced to defend its liberties against another in Switzerland by civil war, harassed and deprived of the elementary freedoms of education, association, and at times even of worship: wherever, especially in Latin Europe, the unholy inquisitors of anti-clericalism could insert a pair of tongs. And these old antagonisms die hard. If, for instance to come right to the present day, the Fourth Republic should finally expire in France, I think that history will return a verdict of manslaughter, if not of murder, against old-style anti-clericals like the Socialist M. Deixonne, who have again and again used the lever of laicity to split the left-center groups—the core of French democracy—apart. In addition to these liberal-agnostic attacks we have had to put up with those of the authoritarian unbelievers. We have been assaulted and battered by Voltairean despots, Hegelian Prussian bureaucrats, Nazi worshippers of blood and soil, Marxian dialectical materialists, anarchist Bakuninists, and plain radical but equally godless Fascists.

Furthermore, in addition to direct attacks, we have had to put up with the subtler technique of the smear and the whispering campaign. An example is the efforts so often made—and I see that even Dr. Hughes has swallowed some of this line—to deny or cover up the fact that it is regularly the Christian Democrats who are left to carry the can of democracy at Europe's danger points. French democratic politics, heaven knows, are nothing to admire just now. But let it at least be said that the waters would have closed over the Fourth Republic long ago, in view of the fallen credit of both Socialists and Radicals, if the Christian Democrats had not swelled to five times their prewar parliamentary strength (even more in the first years after the war) and given the center such strength and cohesion as it has had. The main feature of Italian politics is not the imperfections of Christian Democracy, great though these are, but the collapse of democratic humanist parties into insignificance and their inability to attract even those who share their lack of faith. Of Germany also it can be said that neither liberal nor socialist humanists have produced a policy that makes sense to the German people in the present world and so provides a firm foundation for democracy. I think they, and especially the socialists, will eventually do so: the socialists have for some time been struggling to sort themselves out. But in the

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meantime it is the Christian Democrats who have carried the can, and not too unsuccessfully, through the key period of recovery from the war.

I say all these things not only as a matter of history, and to bring out the emotional climate behind Christian Democracy, but also to remind Dr. Hughes that, if he wishes to cast doubt on the democratic sincerity of people such as those I have written about, it would have been graceful to begin with a modest disclaimer or two of his own. He has come to us clothed in the robes of the Scribes and the Pharisees, and thanking God (if there be one) that he is not as other men are, a sinner, even as is this Catholic. Let me assure him that so long as he stays on that line he will get the Irishman's answer. But if he will start by agreeing that democracy is something we all had to learn, and that the record in this respect of non-believers is (let me put it mildly) about as bloody as that of believers, then we might be able to talk. I will trade him Franco, Salazar, and Louis Veuillot for Khrushchev, Tito, and *petit père* Combes. I may still have to point out where he has got hold of the wrong end of the stick. For instance, he treats the Christian Democrats' tendency to leap straight from tactical details to moral judgments, neglecting the "middle principles" of political strategy, as evidence of basic decay, which it is not, instead of as simple, and diminishing, immaturity. But I will readily grant, given the right sort of atmosphere, that we Christians do have some real and dark blots on our escutcheon. Indeed, if he will raise me a big enough grant, I will round off my historical account of Christian Democracy with a fuller book on recent developments, in which I guarantee that no stone capable of concealing a crawling creature shall be left unturned and no dirty linen unwashed.

After that, perhaps, the two of us might get together to build a world fit for both of us to live in, each according to his kind. For surely the essence of the matter is this. Neither belief nor unbelief necessarily implies commitment to democracy. To the Catholic with his theory of natural law, as to the rationalist, judgments about the right form of government in modern society are a matter of intellectual conviction, of induction from the facts of society. But intellect can go astray. Of those rationalists who make the necessary intellectual effort, some end by agreeing with Thomas Jefferson and others with Karl Marx. Of those Catholics who make it, some end up on the side of Salazar and others of the Christian Democrats. In neither case is there a higher authority to which to appeal. If you cannot convince a rationalist, that is all there is to it: he remains unconvinced. If you cannot convince a Catholic, it is no good appealing to the Church, for the Church leaves forms of government open, to be decided according to circumstances at each time. As modern society has developed, the Church has admittedly hinted pretty strongly that in such a society democracy is a good thing. I think myself that the finest recent definition of democracy was given by the deputy Secretary of State of the Vatican in a letter to a congress of Italian women's organizations in July last year:

> By democracy the theme of this Congress implies a society where the common rule of life and motive of thought, feeling, and action, in both public and private affairs, is the principles of: the equality of all men; the supreme value of human personality; support and goodwill for the demands of the common good; natural solidarity, mutual relations being understood as service of one's fellow-men, reaching beyond the cold and narrow limits of law and institutions." [Documentation Catholique, 1258, cols. 1042-3]

"Democratic life," the statement goes on, "offers good ground for the perfect realization of a Christian life." But it remains open to Catholics to think that democracy, whatever its attractions, is not the best for their particular country, or even that it is generally unsuitable in this imperfect world. I would certainly maintain,, like the people about whom I wrote *Christian Democracy*, that Catholics who deny that democracy is the right rule for modern society are suffering from an intellectual defect. I dare say

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Professor Hughes would say the same of the rationalist who agrees with Nikita Khrushchev. But there you are. We professors ought to know by now that some people just can't or won't think.

Let us take it, then, as a fact of life, about which in the short run nothing can be done, that some of both rationalists and Catholics can and will be convinced democrats, and others not. I shall still argue that there is a greater statistical probability, other things, such as education and history and social structure, being equal, of a right judgment being reached by those who have the benefit of the Church and the Sacraments than by those who have not, and Dr. Hughes will no doubt still argue the opposite. Let us agree anyway that *some* rationalists and Catholics catch this disease of democracy: also that it cannot be predicted a priori which these are. It is no use for me to try to deduce the more or less democratic convictions of Dr. Hughes from a knowledge that he is an agnostic. It is likewise no use for him to try to convict me of democracy or undemocracy on the basis of my acceptance (which by the way is not in the least, to take up his phrase, symbolic) of Catholic dogma, or to reach conclusions about Protestant or Catholic Christian Democrats in Europe from an inspection of their respective theologies. But I would be delighted to call round on Dr. Hughes and have a drink with him. Then, maybe, I could see if he, personally, smelt like a real democrat, and not like Khrushchev or Deixonne, and he could do the same for me. Maybe, also, if the drink was good enough, I could convince him that a lot of Continental Christian Democratic politicians, in spite of sharing the vices of the Power Elite of all countries (how far, alas, all politicians are from the Boy Scouts!) fundamentally smell right too. If, meantime, he prefers to keep his powder dry, let me assure him that I shall be doing the same. I think he and I agree that the right formula for Catholic-agnostic relations is the one I quoted in *Christian Democracy* from Sarah Battle on whist: "a clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigour of the game."

One other point. Dr. Hughes is worried lest my criticism of Marc Sangnier and Romolo Muni as "woolly" arose from their being condemned by the Vatican. It didn't. V. I. Lenin is also not admired in the Vatican, but I have never called him woolly. Long-winded, yes: woolly, no. When I call a man like Sangnier woolly, I mean exactly what Professor Hughes would mean if he used that word to a graduate student. I mean that he had a mind like a dandelion gone to seed, fertile but fluffy.

H. Stuart Hughes: It is just as I feared. The great difficulty for us agnostics in entering into controversy on religious or quasi-religious matters is that we find ourselves so often tangling not with the intolerant or the benighted, but with the most decent and liberal-minded people. Obviously the latter is the case with Professor Fogarty. Every word of his rejoinder (as of his book) breathes a spirit of rugged fair play. At the same time—to repeat his own self-definition—it suggests a certain Irish combativeness. Hence, despite a temperamental reluctance to carry the battle further, I feel that the "rigor of the game" demands a counter-rejoinder. My ancestors, after all, came from that imaginative, slightly daft, and exasperating people among whom Professor Fogarty now teaches. As Welshman and Irishman we can perhaps have a grand Celtic free-for-all, ending in a trans-Atlantic drink of reconciliation which I too would like to see materialize.

The central point of the controversy, it seems to me, is that Professor Fogarty and I start from a radically contrasting experience and a substantially different view of the last century and a half of European history. I quite agree with him that in the past thirty or forty years a new definition of democracy has emerged on the European continent, and that this new view is more liberal, in the best sense, more tolerant of the rights of minorities, than its Jacobin predecessor. But I differ with him in my notion of how

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and under whose auspices this change came about. I also see the outlines of a third phase of democratic history, which Professor Fogarty has hinted at in his book, but on which he has not chosen to elaborate (it will doubtless figure in his promised future work). To the extent that he *has* suggested this third phase, however, it bears disconcerting resemblances to my own view of the matter—except that he applauds the new tendencies while I distrust them profoundly. In brief, while agreeing on many of the facts of the present situation, he and I differ sharply in the attitude we adopt toward them: we see different persecutors and different persecutees. Who is currently provoking whom, who currently has the upper hand, as between the religious and the unbelievers—that is the nub of the question.

After this somewhat sibylline beginning, let me explain briefly what I mean by each of the foregoing statements. The new and more tolerant attitude among democrats that has been apparent on the European continent since the First World War, I would not ascribe, as Professor Fogarty does, primarily or even substantially to the activities of Christian political leaders. As I see it, the Christian Democratic parties and movements reflected or profited by, rather than brought about, a change that was *already* occurring in the breasts of their agnostic adversaries. And this change was becoming apparent even before the outbreak of the First World War. Not too long after the turn of the century, secular-minded statesmen like Giolitti in Italy or Briand in France were already beginning to mitigate the rigors of anti-clericalism in their respective countries. The way was being prepared for the acceptance of Christian Democracy as an equal partner in the European democratic tradition. Why was this? I do not believe that it was so much because of anything that the Christian Democrats themselves had said or done—although, as we shall see in a moment, this had its importance also—as on account of a vast change in the political situation itself. By 1913, in a formal sense at least, the battle for democracy in Western Europe had largely been won. The German Empire alone was still holding out against the democratic onslaught; virtually everywhere else parliamentary regimes based on universal manhood suffrage had become the rule. And with the triumph of electoral democracy the political power of the Catholic Church had been broken: the clerical danger that once offered the rallying cry for democratic politicians had lost its immediacy. (At this point I should like to associate myself most warmly with Professor Fogarty's strictures against *le petit père* Combes and his anti-clerical excesses during the first years of the century.)

OF COURSE I have simplified the story greatly. But the point I should like to stress is that just at the moment when the Christian Democratic leaders were giving irrefutable proof of their democratic sincerity—just at the time when they were in a position to guarantee to any fair-minded person that the old equation between religion and reaction no longer necessarily held true—at this very point the secular-minded (who still dominated the political scene) were already engaged in a substantial revision of their earlier attitude. Naturally the Liberals and the Radicals seldom said in so many words that they were abandoning their anti-clerical positions: to have done so would have been politically inadvisable—the old slogans were still the most reliable ones for electoral purposes. But *in practice* they had come a long way from the "priest-eating" paroxysms of "little father" Combes.

At the same time this new tolerance for religious values in political life was not granted unconditionally. It was granted on the understanding that the tolerance would be reciprocal—that the religious-minded would not seek to impose *their* values on the "humanists" and the unbelievers, in the fashion in which the latter had once tried to impose an agnostic philosophy on the religious. If in the second quarter of the 20th century so many liberals and radicals (and eventually even socialists) came to admit that their former efforts had been mistaken

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—if they were prepared to wink at evasions of the laws against the holding of property by religious bodies and to give tacit approval to the reopening of Church schools on a vast scale—it was because they believed that clericalism was indeed a thing of the past. The implied corollary of the new attitude of tolerance among secular-minded democrats was a similar attitude on the part of the religious. It was the conviction that Christian Democracy, rather than clericalism, would soon be the dominant ideology among Western European Christians (more particularly among Catholics) that made possible what Professor Fogarty correctly defines as the second phase of European democratic development.

And then the unexpected happened: clericalism revived. Of this third phase the outlines are only just beginning to become clear. In the years since 1945 clericalism has proved that it is far from dead—but it has changed its form and its modes of action in such a way that it is often difficult (particularly for those of genuine Christian Democratic conviction like Professor Fogarty himself) to recognize it for what it is. Briefly, what has happened is that the clerical attitude has revived *within* the Christian Democratic movements. Under the sheltering umbrella of parties ostensibly hostile to Church interference in political life, clericalism has in fact once again become a threat to the European democratic tradition. It was all very well when Christian Democracy consisted of minority movements, still battling their way for recognition as equals. Under those circumstances there was no particular attraction for the non-democratic or the clerical-minded to climb aboard. But after leaders like Adenauer and De Gasperi had made their parties the dominant force within their respective nations, the temptation to participate in the Catholic victory became overwhelming. Thousands of new recruits flocked to the majority party—recruits whose democratic convictions were only verbal and whose true loyalties lay in the sacristy.

There was also an important difference between generations. De Gasperi and men of his age and type were liberals by conviction, rooted in the parliamentary tradition, men who had tempered their democratic faith in the fire of Fascist oppression. And —to take the case of Italy again, which is the most familiar to me and also, perhaps, the most important—they had gone through the searing experience of disavowal by the Pope himself. The younger leaders came from quite different origins: *their* youth was passed under Fascism, they never had a chance to participate in parliamentary life, and the mentality of the authoritarian state left its traces upon them. By conscious conviction they became anti-Fascists, but in their habitual mental responses they still betray the influence of the atmosphere of official paternalism and corporative economics in which they grew up.

I can cite as evidence a recent book by a young Christian Democratic leader Dino del Bo, *Italian Catholics in Crisis* (Milwaukee: Marquette University Press). In Italy, the author ranks as one of the main hopes of the reforming left wing of Christian Democracy. He is certainly a man attuned to the contemporary world, well aware that the overriding issue for his party is that of winning away the industrial and agrarian workers from their Communist allegiance. Yet his general approach is not precisely what one would call liberal: his preference for corporative solutions to economic problems and his distaste for secular democracy are all too evident; he is obviously impatient for the day when his party can get along without its present vestigial remnants of secular alliances. Through the vague and wordy phraseology of his book, the vision of the future that emerges is one of a vast union of spirits—a paternalistic Catholic state dedicated to the welfare of the laboring masses. His essay suggests the cardinal error that so many outsiders make in assessing the current trends within Christian Democracy, both in Italy and elsewhere. Taking their cue from the "modernist" period of the early part of this century, they tend to equate social reform with liberalism, and these in turn with latitudinarianism in dogma, describing all

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three in terms of a Catholic "left." Around 1905 such was indeed the case: liberalism in politics, a sympathy for the peasants and workers, and a "modernist" interpretation of dogma generally went hand in hand. Today this is far from true; indeed, as in del Bo's case, the younger, reform-minded leaders are frequently the more authoritarian in their general approach to politics. And when they describe themselves in terms of a Catholic "left," it is certainly not Christian dogma that they have in mind. In dogmatic matters the young reformers may well be more uncompromising and orthodox than their elders.

For at this point it is not irrelevant to note that the pontificate of Pius XII has been one of hardening and reinforcement in the sphere of Catholic dogma. A papal reign that has witnessed the canonization of Pius X—a reactionary in the strict sense of the word, in matters both political and dogmatic—cannot have failed to have some influence on the young. Here again a distinction is in order: in terms of social policy, in terms of the tradition embodied in *Rerum Novarum* and *Quadrigesimo Anno,* the present Pope may perhaps be said to be more "left" than "right"—but in terms of dogma he is distinctly a conservative. Thus, as I see it, the present danger of a new clericalism exists in two forms, which, despite their ostensible hostility to each other, are in fact mutually reinforcing. The first and more obvious form is, of course, the penetration of Christian Democratic movements by conservatives whose true sentiments are more clerical than democratic. Of this I have already spoken. The second and more subtle form is the evolution of so many younger Christian Democratic leaders, only half-consciously and often against their announced intention, toward a position that in fact if not in name is similarly clerical. This tendency of the young toward dogmatic rigor and obedience to ecclesiastical direction is, I believe, something that Professor Fogarty has left almost wholly out of his account.

One's judgment of this new phenomenon naturally depends on the perspective and life-situation from which one starts, or, as Professor Fogarty puts it, on which end of the stick one gets hold of. He, with his eye fixed on the Rhenish "heartland," views the emerging third phase of European democratic development in positive terms, in terms of a new fellowship arising out of Christian movements that are more social than political—in terms of a "break-through" beyond the constituency of church-goers to a wider gathering-in and reconciliation of whole populations to Christian values. I, with my experience rooted in Italy—and in Massachusetts—see something more threatening: an *imposition* of Christian values on a secular or "humanist" minority. And in justifying my own stand, I think it not irrelevant to recall that Italy shelters the headquarters of world Catholicism, and that Massachusetts is the stronghold of Catholicism in the United States. As a citizen of the latter state, I must necessarily protest against the clerically inspired measures that seek not only to limit our reading and the films we are permitted to see, but also to impose on us the Catholic view of the proper size of families.

And so I come to the reckoning with Professor Fogarty's more strictly political points. I would certainly not try to deny the plain fact that in Italy and Germany—and, to an extent, even in France—Christian Democracy "carried the can" for the values of freedom in the trying postwar years. And I would also agree that the results of this labor were more positive than negative. Where I differ with him is in refusing to grant that the passing of the initiative to Christian Democracy betokened any radical deficiency on the part of the secular democratic parties. The former simply had more votes—and surely I do not have to remind Professor Fogarty that God is not necessarily on the side of the big battalions! Indeed, one might even argue that in the latest and most dramatic series of events on the European continent, secular democracy proved rather more sure of its own values than did the democrats of Christian inspiration. The coming to power of de Gaulle is certainly

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not comparable to the advent of Mussolini or of Hitler—but there are important points of resemblance. Once again in the vote of investiture of June 1, 1958, Christian Democracy simply folded up—as in 1922 and in 1933. Radicals and socialists provided nearly all the democratic opposition votes.

To continue: when Professor Fogarty proposes to trade me Franco and Salazar against Khrushchev and Tito, I think he is neglecting an important distinction. Franco and Salazar, however much he may dislike them, share his religious faith: Khrushchev and Tito have a faith at variance with my own and that of the overwhelming majority of secular-minded democrats. The leaders of the Soviet Union and of Yugoslavia, in theory at least, are Marxists: their opposite numbers in the Socialist parties of Western and Central Europe are not. Certainly traces of Marxist phraseology remain—but again it is mostly for electoral purposes. And this tendency among European Social Democrats to abandon Marxian guidance is steadily gaining in strength. Indeed, the single most encouraging new trend within continental democracy is the effort among the Italian majority Socialists—Western Europe's last outpost of revolutionary maximalism—to abandon their classic dogma and their Communist alliance and to grope their way toward more liberal courses. Thus we "humanists" are in a position to disavow Khrushchev and Tito in a more thoroughgoing fashion than is possible in the case of Professor Fogarty and his Iberian co-religionists. I am aware that in saying this I may seem to be clothing myself once again "in the robes of the Scribes and the Pharisees." (A thrust that hit home, ferreting out as it did a certain undertone of smugness in my earlier article, for which I apologize.) This time I shall try to make myself perfectly clear: I do not claim that we agnostics are more virtuous than the believers—the contrary may well be the case. I simply claim that we are freer—freer to admit our errors and to change our minds. And one of the greatest admissions of error of the present century has been the abandonment of dogmatic Marxism on the part of the European Socialists and on the part of so many secular-minded Americans of my own generation.

WE HUMANISTS are sure of very few things—most of them certain rather simple ethical precepts which we follow in the Judeo-Christian tradition. Generally we are not at all sure what the right course of political action may be, but we have a fairly good idea of the course that is radically wrong—and by that I hope it is quite clear that I mean the procedure pursued by Khrushchev or Franco. On these fundamentals there is no disagreement between Christian Democrats and democrats of a secular turn of mind, and within the limits of such a consensus, the widest latitude of political alliance is both possible and essential: I agree with Professor Fogarty that the tragedy of the Fourth French Republic—as of Italy from 1919 to 1922—lay in the failure of Christian Democrats and Socialists to reach a common program of social reconstruction. Beyond this minimum of agreement, however, beyond the basic ethical principles that we hold in common, Catholics and secularists necessarily diverge. And I think Professor Fogarty agrees with me on this. Where the Church itself is concerned, where clericalism, new or old, enters the scene, each side must be on its guard. In his book Professor Fogarty strongly implied that Christian leaders should behave toward the godless with some reserve. In my review I replied, rather more bluntly, that the feeling was mutual. I like what Professor Fogarty says about keeping our powder dry. I also like Giolitti's classic definition of church and state as parallel lines that should never meet. For when they do meet, explosions are bound to occur. To avoid such explosions in a period of clerical resurgence—Protestant as well as Catholic—requires something more than the sort of polite looking the other way that has become *de rigueur* in American politics. It requires a willingness to speak out—even at the risk of wounding one's best friends—a willingness which, I trust, both of us have displayed in the present controversy.

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MILOVAN DJILAS: THE SEARCH FOR JUSTICE

Rebel Son of a Bloodstained Land

BOGDAN RADITSA

"IN ALL parts of Montenegro," writes Milovan Djilas in his autobiography *Land without Justice*, "there were killings. This land was never one to reward virtue, but it has always been strong on taking revenge and punishing evil. Revenge is its greatest delight and glory. Is it possible that the human heart can find peace and pleasure only in returning evil for evil?"

In describing his family and his first eighteen years, the Yugoslav rebel and poet, who wishes to "portray the soul of his native land," has illuminated a more universal drama of our day: the painful struggle of a primitive people, long lost to God and history, to leap right out of medieval tribal existence into the 20th century. It is a compassionate study of the impact of Western technology, ideology, and power on illiterate and superstitious mountaineers. It is a shocking tale of revolution, of violent change amid relentless continuities in a land which for a thousand years knew only the law of the blood and only the extremes of anarchy and absolutism. It is the story of the permanent crisis which in our century has been consuming Eastern Europe, the first of the modern "underdeveloped areas."

Two centuries ago the Montenegrins were "lesser breeds without the law," slowly stirring in the twilight sleep of Oriental despotism. In their search for justice, Montenegrins have experienced theocratic rule, secular monarchy, racial massacre, militant nationalism, four brands of foreign occupation, two world wars, sham constitutionalism, military dictatorship, civil war, and now the Communist party-state. Montenegro shares such experiences with most of Eastern Europe. Uniquely, however, it has produced in Djilas himself the first spokesman for a new breed of men: a post-Communist revolutionary whose personal experience with rebellion and tyranny recapitulates many generations of Western history. Once a leader of Tito's Yugoslavia, Djilas surrendered first power and then liberty for his new faith in the pragmatic vision of progress commonly associated with democratic radicalism in the West. "I am not a Communist," Djilas told the court which sent him to prison on December 12, 1956; "I am a Social Democrat."

Why, one wonders, could not Djilas (and others like him in Eastern Europe) have achieved this same vision twenty or thirty years ago—without passing through the purgatory of totalitarianism? The beliefs for which Djilas now sits in Sremska Mitrovica penitentiary are not very different, after all, from those for which Jean Jaurès died in France in 1914. Why could not the traditions of gradualism, balanced power, voluntary cooperation, and non-violent class competition have triumphed in Montenegro—or triumph now in Indonesia, in Algeria—without frenzied persecutions, wars and civil wars, the demagogy of fanatics and the cynicism of opportunists? Why could not—why cannot—these "new" peoples, entering on the stage of modern history, model their developing social structures on Western institutions? Djilas gave the theoretical bare-

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MILOVAN DJILAS, once Tito's right-hand man, has followed up his political tract *The New Class* with an autobiographical study (both written before his imprisonment in 1956) which is here reviewed by BOGDAN RADITSA, formerly Washington press representative for the Yugoslav regime and now an American citizen. Mr. Raditsa's article "Clash of Two Immigrant Generations" appeared in the January 1958 COMMENTARY.

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bones of an answer in *The New Class,* but he has provided the materials for understanding Yugoslavia's historical transition in *Land without Justice.*

Lost in Yugoslavia's Black Mountains, in that inaccessible corner between Serbia and Albania, Montenegro—*Crnagora* to its natives—stood through centuries against foreign invaders. The heroism of its tall, swarthy guerrillas, the glory of its struggle for independence, captured the imagination of such poets as Tennyson, Lamartine, Merimée, and Pushkin. The Montenegrins are ethnically Serbs who, together with other South Slavs, settled what is now Yugoslavia at the start of the 7th century. Christianity reached them from Byzantium and they have remained, like the Russians and Bulgarians, *pravoslavni*—Orthodox. The Montenegrin drama really begins with the Ottoman invasion of the Balkans. On June 28, 1389, the Turks routed the Serbs on the field of Kossovo. The legend is that the flower of the Serb nation, the sons of the ruling families who survived, took refuge in the dark crags of Montenegro. There they lived in clans and tribes, making sporadic incursions into the valleys to protect the *rayah*—the Christians—against the Turkish overlords. This resistance movement lasted more than five hundred years, a fiercely individualistic and religious struggle which has only just recently abated. Not all the Slavs fought. Many intermingled with the Turks; some embraced Islam—these were "lepers" who, in the eyes of most Montenegrins, deserved to be extirpated. Montenegrins took the lead in the rebellion of the Balkan Christians against the Ottomans one hundred fifty years ago; guerrillas penetrated deeper and deeper into the Turkish domains of Bosnia-Herzegovina, Serbia, Macedonia, and Albania—killing and robbing Turkish landlords, spurring the Christian peasants to defiance.

To a Frenchman, Colonel Vialla de Sommières, the Montenegrins' life in 1810 seemed Homeric. He wrote in his *Voyages Historiques au Montenegro*: "The civilization of Europe has not reached here. They live in a state very close to nature. One of the chief traits of these mountain folk is their similarity to the Scythians, of whose noble deeds and blunt, caustic speech we have heard high praise. . . . When admitted to the Pasha's councils, they speak their mind clearly, they speak with an assurance of their rights, of their cause, and of the sentiments of a free people which cannot accept offense." De Sommières also observed, as did Djilas a century later, that the mountaineers found it difficult to distinguish "right" from "usurpation," and that, "once having yielded to their fanaticism, they often become its victim." He inquired what the attitude of the Balkan Slavs would be in the event that Napoleon invaded Russia. He was told: *"Vos entreprises vous seront funestes"*; Montenegro's sympathies were with Russia, with which it had been allied since 1715 and which had long since assumed the role of protector of Orthodoxy throughout the Balkans. The Montenegrins considered themselves virtually part of the Czar's empire. Asked their population, Montenegrins until rather recently would answer: "We and the Russians are 170 million." Montenegrin miners whom I visited in Hazleton, Pennsylvania, in 1942 had pasted to their religious icons pictures of the old Montenegrin kings, the Serb Chetnik Drazha Mikhailovich, and . . . Josef Stalin.

The long struggle against the Turk inspired the Montenegrin national epic, *The Mountain Wreath,* which was written by Prince-Bishop Niegosh, Montenegro's ruler in the mid-19th century. "I had read most of the folk epics while still in elementary school," Djilas tells us. "Frequently, I recited them to the villagers. They liked most of all to listen to *The Mountain Wreath.* They found in it the essence of their ancient and still present struggle for survival and the honor of their name on a soil that was barren in everything but men." *The Mountain Wreath* is an epic of heroism and rectitude, and also of vengeance and bloodlust. Niegosh summons Montenegrins to a merciless fight against the "leper," the Montenegrin Moslem, who must be baptized with

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holy water or with blood; "true life" can spring only from "a blood-stained stone."

The Montenegro in which Djilas was born in 1911 was still immured in the ancient clan and tribal mores of Illyrian, Byzantine, and Ottoman times. Husbands beat their wives, mothers beat their children, peasants beat and killed one another, clans staged vendettas that raged for years. There were no common-law magistrates or blue-ribbon juries; it was *besudnja zemlya,* a land without recourse. Milovan Djilas's grandfather was an outlaw from the court of Niegosh, and his clansmen killed and were killed with the rest. "I had a close friend in the seventh grade," he writes, "the kin of those who had killed my grandfather, though I knew nothing of this kinship. I brought him home one night around Christmas time, so that he would not have to go home on a lonely road in the dark. When my father learned who he was, he forbade me to sleep with him because, as he said later, he did not want anyone with our blood on his hands to breathe into the soul of his son. . . . The next day, I escorted my friend home, and only then did my father tell us that a male child of an enemy clan had spent the night in our house. After the recess I met my friend again, and he, too, had obviously learned the awful secret from his people. We avoided one another and our friendship was smothered, without either of us admitting the real reason, for our childish breasts were straining for revenge."

The final outburst of the old heroism took place at the start of World War I. At Mojkovac, poorly equipped Montenegrin troops fought a desperate last stand against crack Austrian detachments to demonstrate to the retreating Serbs, and to their own people, that they were doing their part in the war. Austrian occupation followed. "One could observe, in humiliation and shame"—Djilas writes—"how from day to day the Mojkovac massacre grew into something grand and illustrious, because of the blood that had washed and preserved the honor and the name of Montenegro. The blood was still smoking on the hills around Mojkovac when the legend was born of the indomitable people of these black hills, these children of the forbidding Montenegrin crags."

YET what was the upshot of Montenegrin heroism? The little kingdom was incorporated first into Serbia and then into the new Yugoslavia. "Worn out with itself, Montenegro floundered, groaned, gasped, and perished"—this is Djilas's epitaph to the end of his country. In the corrupt new political atmosphere, the clans divided into the Greens and Whites, those who remained loyal to the old kingdom and those who favored union with Serbia. Belgrade pensioned off Montenegrins (like Djilas's father) who had fought in the war at Serbia's side and felt cheated afterward. But a sense of defeat lingered on. Young Montenegrins felt betrayed by their fathers. There remained only a last orgy, which Belgrade encouraged, of killing Moslems. Djilas describes it:

"In Shahovichi the authorities informed the vigilantes that a group of Moslems, taken under protective custody on the pretext that their lives were in danger, were being moved to Bjelo Polje. The Montenegrins lay in wait for them in a likely spot, and massacred them near the cemetery of Shahovichi. Some fifty prominent Moslems were killed. . . .

"What especially upset the established mores was not so much the murders themselves, but the way in which they were carried out. After those prisoners in Sahovici were mowed down, one of our villagers, Sekula, went from corpse to corpse and severed the ligaments at their heels. This is what is done in the village with oxen after they are struck down by a blow of the axe, to keep them from getting up again if they should revive. . . . Babes were taken from the arms of mothers and sisters and slaughtered before their eyes. . . . The beards of the Moslem religious leaders were torn out and crosses were carved into their foreheads. . . ."

Djilas's father and his comrades were full of shame after committing such crimes. They were even more disturbed by a single

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act committed in 1928 by one of their Montenegrin clansmen. His name was Punisha Rashich. "A stocky, swarthy man, with a trimmed mustache and a gold chain across his vest, he might have been a cattle merchant or a coffeehouse owner, or a member of Parliament. Actually, he was a *komitadji* and a political assassin, a brawler and quick to draw a gun." It was Punisha Rashich who, on the floor of the Belgrade parliament, shot and mortally wounded the Croatian peasant leader Stjepan Radich, an admirer of Tolstoy and the leading foe of Serb jingoism, class privilege, and court corruption. For Djilas and his entire generation, the murder of Radich, "the vigilant conscience of the entire country," signified the end of any hope for democracy in Yugoslavia. A "martyr for liberty in the eyes of all honest people," Radich's death left the country without popular leadership. The shooting "buried Parliament morally," "mortally wounding an already frail and unripe freedom." The only man who could have saved the situation was King Alexander. "Why does not the King do something great?" Djilas asks himself, and answers straightaway: "He, the King, was at the head of the plot against Parliament." Five months after Radich died, a royal dictatorship was proclaimed; it "made an end of free speech, which most people apparently value as much as bread."

The dictatorship, Djilas writes, "only intensified my somber state of mind and discontent. It was the cause both of my spiritual wanderings and of my dissatisfaction with social conditions. It seems to me that it was precisely these repressed dark moods . . . that provided the base for a political and social discontent which was all the more profound because it was moot and unconscious—out of the very fabric of the soul, out of every pore of one's inner life. Later, in Belgrade, when I became acquainted with my fellow students at the university, I noticed that they, too, each in his own way, to be sure, had traveled the same path. . . ."

Belgrade University's students, drawn from all peasant Yugoslavia, found it an ideal place to dream, plot, and work against the capital's society, which desired only to make money and live well. In Montenegro, Djilas had already heard rumors of "graft, the plundering of state property, scandals of every kind, even trafficking in national interests, rumors of death by torture, the high living of a handful of rich men, and debauchery in high places." Indifferent to the country's national and social problems, the *charshya,* the new rich, spread a feeling of cynicism and hopelessness. Djilas and his comrades, judging the West by this rapacious, lawless new bourgeoisie, turned to Communism. Religion played a part in stimulating his social conscience. He encountered two Orthodox priests in high school. One, Father Simonovich, was formal and dogmatic; his political attitude was opportunist. The other, Archpriest Bojovich, was unassuming, humble, spontaneous. While Simonovich insisted that belief in God was an absolute, leaving no room for doubt, Bojovich did not try to impose faith on his pupils. He stressed, rather, that God is visible in the mercifulness that men show one another. Djilas was also influenced by the humanist classics of 19th-century Russian literature which, "awakening noble thoughts . . . confronted the reader with the cruelties and injustices of the existing order." Years later "I always felt within myself that I owed an unpaid debt to Dostoevsky and Archpriest Bojovich, a debt that I did not dare acknowledge even to myself. Were not the first impulses toward Communism those arising out of a desire to put an end to the world of force and injustice and to realize a different world, one of justice, brotherhood and love among men?"

Lest books and teachers be overestimated, however, Djilas adds: "Yet it was the state of society itself that provided the first and most powerful impulse. . . . The guardians of the *status quo* only made something like [Communism] attractive to a young man by their stories about the Communist specter and by their panicky preservation of old forms." Communism offered youth "enthusiasm, a desire for endeavor and sacrifice to achieve the happiness of the human race."

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And so the lanky, dark, and rawboned Milovan Djilas, a recognized poet while still a student, rallied the Belgrade youth to Communism in the years before World War II. Arrested for underground activity, he served three years in the royal penitentiary at Sremska Mitrovica. With Josip Broz-Tito in 1941, Djilas began the Partisan struggle which divided Montenegro into two camps. Serb nationalists joined the Chetniks, while Djilas summoned the clans to the side of Mother Russia. "We or they" was his slogan, and the merciless fratricidal war wiped out tens of thousands. Djilas was fanatical after the war, too, in justifying the elimination of alleged Trotskyists (and, later on, Stalinists) from the Yugoslav Communist party.

Milan Bandovich, a high-school intimate of Djilas, became a Chetnik and was taken prisoner by the Partisans in 1944. Djilas was sent to interrogate him, and tells part of the story in this book. Bandovich, who lived to emigrate, remembers more of it. "Why," he asked Djilas, "did you Partisans kill our old teached Milovan Andjelich, who had been a Communist from birth?" "We had to kill him," replied Djilas, who now writes kindly of Andjelich; "he was a Trotskyist." At the war's end Djilas declared: "The world we are building will ultimately bring our people the fullest amount of happiness and freedom. It will be a new humanism and a new and better Christianity." Yet in the bombed-out Belgrade of 1945, Djilas had a swimming pool built for himself in the garden of a villa seized from a rich family.

"THE revolution gave me everything," he writes now, "except what I had idealistically expected from it." The dream of a Communism bringing freedom and equality faded in the cruel light of Stalinism. In Yugoslavia, as elsewhere in Eastern Europe, the immature semi-intelligentsia that had spurred Communism to power was the first to be disillusioned. Djilas had drawn protests from Stalin himself as early at 1944 for his critical remarks about the conduct of Soviet advisers. In 1948, he became the leading voice of Titoist anti-Stalinism. When he came to America in 1949 and sought out the renowned Yugoslav sculptor Ivan Meshtrovich, Djilas was between two worlds. Freed of the burden of Stalinism, he still had high hopes for Titoist Communism. In a New York restaurant late at night, he told Meshtrovich that the Yugoslav Communists were approaching the outlook of the early Christians. "Then why," Meshtrovich asked, "is a man so profoundly religious, with such a great sense of justice, as Cardinal Stepinac kept in jail?"

"To tell you the truth," Djilas replied, "I, too, think that Stepinac is an honest man. He has a strong character and unflinching courage. Although he was innocent of the charges against him, he was convicted and jailed. Remember that, throughout history, political necessity has meant imprisonment for many innocent men."

In 1950, Morgan Phillips, heading a British Labor party delegation to Yugoslavia, was astonished by Djilas's "staggering critical frankness" in discussing Communism of all varieties. Djilas then, according to Phillips, saw no need for a multiparty system; he thought that democracy would spring from mass participation in economic and social activity. But what, the British Laborites asked, would protect the citizen against unjust officials? An independent judiciary, Djilas replied. Within five years, he himself was a victim of Tito's courts, which were less independent than those of the monarchy.

Djilas's contacts with foreign democrats, his travels to Europe, Asia, and America, his own acute observation of the system he had helped establish—all these prepared him for the crisis of 1953, when Stalin died and Yugoslavia's ideological future hung in the balance. Once it became clear that Tito hoped to remain halfway between Stalinism and democratic socialism, Djilas bolted. The rest of the story is familiar: his sensational articles in *Nova Misao* on "The Anatomy of Morals," which attacked the plush living-style of the new Communist ruling class; his theoretical articles in *Borba* urging the legalization of a second, democratic socialist party; his deposition as Vice President of the Yugo-

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slav People's Republic and expulsion from the Central Committee of the League of Communists; his dramatic walk into the League's Belgrade offices to turn in his party card—a resignation which the party had not asked; his inability to find employment, or a publisher for his writing, and the interviews he gave foreign journalists which brought him a suspended three-year sentence for "slandering" the People's Republic; his praise of the Hungarian rebellion in the *New Leader*, which caused him to be jailed; publication abroad of *The New Class*, which added another seven years to his sentence.

Looking back on the youthful experiences which led him to Communism, Djilas parenthetically indicates his present faith:

"If religion is unable to better human relations, nor are so many wars and rebellions able to do so, is it perhaps because nothing at all can be done? Still, men do work at this and succeed just the same, even if only a little. What will be the force that will bring about the great transformation?

"Young people—each in his own way—pose questions and seek answers. It would appear that the solution lies in this constant search. But everyone wants to find nothing less than the final solution in his own time—especially those among young people who are dissatisfied with the state of affairs they find, and who are sufficiently strong and serious to look social reality in the eye."

The Byzantine system that governed the Balkans a thousand years ago—and which survived through Turkish rule—made no distinction between church and state, individual and collective, the sources of wealth and its distribution. One power, arbitrary and absolute, dominated state, church, and economy. Unlike Western Christendom, Byzantium developed no concept of a "natural law" that stood above men and nations. The Slavs who lived under Byzantine institutions understood justice only as the fiat of their rulers. In these circumstances a powerful response was evoked by the Marxist declaration that government is the "executive committee of the bourgeoisie," that all law is "class justice." While in the West, Djilas has written, Marx's "stature was reduced to that of a historian and scholar," in Eastern Europe "his teachings had an intoxicating effect, similar to a new religion."

In the Ottoman domains, there had been no Renaissance, reviving the traditions of Athens and the Roman Republic; no Reformation elevating individual conscience and scripture above ecclesiastical and secular authority. The Balkans saw no Enlightenment preaching reason, the social contract, and the just separation of powers; and, despite isolated scholars like Niegosh, there was no 19th-century humanitarian reformism of the type that abolished slavery, emancipated women, and mitigated the harshness of the industrial system.

In the Balkans, the heritage of Byzantine despotism remained supreme even when, as in Djilas's youth, men like Archpriest Bojovich and Stjepan Radich had moved beyond it. To the rulers of interwar Yugoslavia, as to the Ottomans, power was not a well-divided partnership between the rulers and the ruled, but a gift bestowed by the rulers on the ruled according to their caprice. The royal court which destroyed Parliament when it could not corrupt it; the Pan-Serb extremists who led the nation to fratricide rather than grant equality to Croats and Macedonians; the greedy new industrialists who regarded workers as chattel; the traders, merchants and speculators who fleeced the peasants—all these created the "certain concrete conditions" for the rebellion of Milovan Djilas. Yet Djilas himself was a product of the same heritage; and, as a Montenegrin, he naturally looked to Russia for the way to salvation, and to violence for the means. His rebellion took the Communist form.

THE Communist state, though it spurred industrialization in the delusion that this was the key to Western ways, did not really change the Byzantine order of things. In the villages and factories there were still masters and subjects, although the masters were new. The servile delegates to the Yugoslav Communist party congress, chanting "The more Tito is slandered, the dearer he is to us," are

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closer in spirit to the 15th-century boyars who cheered Moscow's Grand Dukes against the Tartars than they are to the French-speaking officers of Marshal Kutuzov who defeated (and secretly admired) Napoleon. Yet Djilas himself is a new phenomenon, as are the Hungarian and Polish revolutionaries whom he championed in 1956. Unlike most East European anti-Communists of the Stalin era, Djilas retains no illusions about the pre-Communist order. Unlike many Western ex-Communists, he did not break with the movement as a result of some factional or tactical defeat and then inch his way through various "third camps" to democracy; it was the very issue of democracy that led him to break, at the height of his power. Unlike most contemporary Social Democrats, he did not progress, by logic and observation within a democratic heritage, to democratic socialism as liberalism's final term; rather, it was the experience of absolute power—wielded first by the old ruling classes and then by the new class of which he was himself a leader—that led him to democracy, while he remained true to the socialist ideals he had cherished. "Most of the individuals in the Communist system," he observes in *The New Class*, "are not opposed to socialism, but opposed to the way in which it is being achieved. . . . The individual rebels against those limitations which are in the interest of the oligarchy, not against those which are in the interest of society."

"No Bread without Freedom, No Freedom without Bread" was the banner carried by Warsaw students in October 1956, and it was echoed by the Hungarian revolutionaries, many of whom, like Djilas, had spent years in "bourgeois" jails during their fight for Communist ideals. In the *New Leader* article which led to his imprisonment, Djilas concluded: "Had the Hungarian Revolution not only brought about political democracy but also preserved social control of heavy industry and banking, it would have exercised enormous influence on all Communist countries, including the USSR. It would have demonstrated not only that totalitarianism is unnecessary as a means of protecting the workers from exploitation (i.e., in the 'building of socialism'), but also that this is a mere excuse for the exploitation of the workers by bureaucracy and a new ruling class."

The tragedy of Milovan Djilas—and of the entire East European semi-intelligentsia which rose from the peasant proletariat between the two world wars—is that they required decades to arrive at this realization, in the course of which their hazy dreams became real nightmares for millions of ordinary workers and peasants. The hope which Djilas and his comrades offer the world is that, while the old forms of exploitation made them fighters for social justice, the experience of Communism will make them democrats as well. As Djilas put it in *The New Class*: "The Communist revolution cannot attain a single one of the ideals named as its motivating force. . . . Thus, while bringing about the most complete despotism, the Communist revolution has also created the basis for the abolition of despotism."

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BEN, SON OF MARGULIES

A Story

RUTH MILLER

YOU wouldn't think that a man would come to a hospital because he had no other place to go. On the surface no one could have told that. He entered the Baker Pavilion of New York Hospital on a Sunday afternoon, the Sunday before Christmas. That should have been a clue. But you can't blame the admissions clerk. She was Sunday relief and scarcely looked at him. Anyone who is anybody is busy all week and plans his special excitements for the week end. And Christmas is for family and parties—general good cheer. Isn't that it? But he was a Jew. Christmas? No. He was a relative, in a special way, to that Samuel H. Margulies who became Chief Rabbi in Florence at the end of the last century—an influential man, a visionary, savior of the Falasha Jews. The man who had come to the hospital chose himself to be the descendant of a man who deserves a golden page in Jewish history. And when the clerk asked his name, he said in fact, "Ben, son of Margulies." She wrote "Benson-Margulies" and introduced him to the young girl who was to accompany him upstairs. "This is Mr. Benson." He didn't hear. He had turned to say goodbye to the cab driver who dozed in the waiting room. "Goodbye, my friend. I won't see you any more."

"Goodbye, Poppa. Live and be well." The cab driver went through the revolving door, out into the world. Ben, son of Margulies the Chief Rabbi of Florence, followed the girl with his chart in her hand. Followed the girl down the long corridor, Ben—from Florence to Lvov to Stockholm to New York to Brownsville to the Manhattan Bridge to First Avenue to 68th Street to a hack stand. Into the five-million-dollar construction of white brick into an elevator. Needing finally only one small valise.

Ben was excited. As the elevator rose he felt the entire weight of himself pressing down, resisting the mechanical rise. "I live with my daughter. She couldn't take me." The girl smiled. "They do lovely things here for Christmas. They give you a turkey dinner and decorate the halls. You'll enjoy it."

"It's my gall bladder. I went to three doctors. They all said the same thing. I use Kahnweiler. A very big man." On the fifth floor the elevator stopped to take on a woman in a wheel chair with her orderly. Ben envied how they, the hospital employees, talked so easily to one another, but why not? They belonged together. Ben looked sideways at the woman and said to her, "I'm gall bladder."

She smiled sadly and shook her head. "Nowadays gall bladder is nothing."

"Nothing? I had three doctors. I have already paid out one hundred and twenty-five dollars! Nothing." The door opened on the eleventh floor. He hung back. Soon he would be in the wheel chair and others would stand aside for him. The woman's red satin bathrobe glittered in the sunlight as she was wheeled away.

He was taken to a large clean room. A nice room. Empty of people. He was going to be the person in that room. The son of Margulies should not be in a ward.

"I'm Miss Dixon. How de do Mr. Benson."

"No—Margulies. What Benson? Do I look like a Benson?"

"Oh you're going to be a kidder. I like that. Now you just take off your hat and

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coat and all and I'll be back to make you comfortable."

Half an hour later he was still sitting on the chair near the door. "How do you do, sir. I'm Dr. Swope."

"Why is it always with introductions? Is it a party?"

"I thought you had this patient ready, Miss Dixon."

"Oh, Mr. Benson, sir, you're still dressed. You're supposed to be in bed, sir. Where are your pajamas?"

"What, undress, in the middle of the day? Come back at ten o'clock. At night I undress. It's then I go to bed."

"I'm so sorry, Dr. Swope. He's a comedian." Which was not a fact about Ben Margulies. He was not a comical man.

"Should I lay down finally? My pants! How do I know when I'll put on my shoes again?" The nurse giggled and he wrapped his shoes carefully in some paper towels and placed them in the valise. Five minutes later Ben was on his back between the sheets.

They examine each patient thoroughly. New York Hospital is a research hospital. If you come with an infected tooth, a broken leg, a brain tumor, it waits until after the one hundred questions. They're counting, counting. When they asked him if his mother were still alive, he wept. And were his brothers in good health; he said "The devil take them! They go to the Hot Springs every winter." "A sister?" "Dead. Dead." "What did she die of, sir?" "Gas." "What, sir?" "Gas. Her husband and all her children. Gas." "And your wife, sir?" He compressed his lips. "Are you married, sir?" "Do I ask you about your privacy? You're too young. You're wet behind the ears. Get out of here. Leave me alone."

No one could get an answer out of him after that. But they agreed with Dr. Kahnweiler. They gave him a sedative and when the night nurse flashed her light on him at four o'clock in the morning, she thought he was dead. His eyes were wide open, his jaw hung loose, and she turned swiftly to call for help. He reached out a moist hand and grabbed her. He muttered in a coarse voice: "They asked me about my wife. You tell them. Say, five years ago my wife answered me in the middle of the night, 'Ben, I hope you drop dead. I hope they carry you out in a basket!' I threw her out of the house. She wouldn't. You know what I mean? You understand a man can be sixty and still want to? She said, you filthy old—you don't need to know what she said. She went to Reno. Can you imagine such a thing with Jews? And stayed there. Ashamed to show her sour face in New York. But they take sides against me. It's my fault I'm a man? And if I tell my daughter I like my eggs soft-boiled, what do I hear? Go—go tell them." The night nurse closed the door on his shouting.

THE first day it was urinalysis, blood count, blood chemistry, X-ray, temperature, pulse, tappings and thumpings. All confirming Dr. Kahnweiler who visited cheerily and in his immaculate white shirt settled the fee.

No one else came to Ben. But he did not notice this today. His condition absorbed him. Alone, he went on with the deep breathing and tried to locate his pains precisely. He pressed his fingers hard around his left wrist and went on and on counting his pulse beats. He rubbed his face a long time and stared into the mirror to watch how the red flush settled back into the yellowish pallor. He inquired about his blood pressure and tried to pay the desk clerk a dollar to show him the results of his tests. He wore proudly the huge yellow-striped terry cloth robe provided by the hospital and began to wander, peering into rooms and offices and closets, finding stainless steel, ceramic tile, inlaid linoleum. Everywhere. He clasped his hands in excitement at the thought of how much money it must have taken to build such a place. This was only one floor of who knows how many, one building of who knows how many. He tried to find out but whoever he asked kidded him from his answer. He smiled slyly because it was clear that no one really knew. His head swam with figures before he slept that night. He was counting the bills, not

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the amounts, that would come later, but simply the kinds of bills--electricity, laundry, water, food, paper.

In the middle of that night they found him standing in front of the massive door marked Operating Room, reading the words of the small sign: "It is forbidden to enter," reading them over and over again.

He shaved carefully for the first time in four days. Because today he was going to speak to the woman in the red satin bathrobe. He had caught glimpses of her walking slowly up and down the woman's corridor, and had approached her twice last evening but a nurse had chased him back. Now he had a plan. The public telephone booth had been installed in the men's corridor as if men had more business to keep contact with, and of course the women used it. A woman may walk and look but a man may not.

Her robe swayed past his door just after lunch and he hurried out. "I'm Ben, son of Margulies." She smiled slowly with a remembering weakness. "They said you were a Mr. Benson. But I said to myself when I saw you closer and watched you walk and heard you with the desk last night--didn't you give it to them!--I said to myself, what's in a name? I'm Dolly Freedman."

They walked together into the solarium, a large common room for use of all the patients. It was spacious with sofas and lamps and coffee tables. The wheel chairs were stored at one end. Dolly and Ben chose two and wheeled themselves over to the television set and he put in four quarters that afternoon. That night they sat in front of the windows watching the lights of the whole city of New York, looking toward the Queensborough Bridge out over Long Island City.

"See that Sunshine Biscuits? I have to pass it to where I live."

He showed Dolly he had brought eight quarters. After carefully focusing the picture he turned off the sound. Dolly enjoyed the silent comedians. He insisted the singers were best. They made the most remarkable image without sound.

"It's funny," Dolly said. "Here I sit in my nightgown and housecoat, and you are in your pajamas--it's like we're in our living room."

He leaned out of his wheel chair and patted her knee. "What satin can do for a man," he whispered. "Listen, Dolly--" he hestitated, then, "Why? you know what I mean? Why are you here? What is wrong, God forbid."

"You're gall bladder. When will they operate?"

"The day after tomorrow. They say I'm calming down. They want me to be calm. Pills and needles. To be calm. And then they cut. They are going to put a knife in me. Only they shouldn't let too much blood run out. And you? You can tell me. You can confide in me. Maybe if you're not so bad, tonight we can together disappear. I know the stairways by heart."

"Eleven floors? You're feeble-minded."

He jumped up and stood threateningly over her, shaking his fist in her face. "Shut up! You red Chinawoman!"

She wheeled her chair swiftly out of his reach. Then he dropped his hand, and his head hung down, and his shoulders sagged. Dolly got out of her chair and went to stand beside him. She said, "You're such a little guy. Look. I'm taller, you only come up to here." He raised his eyes to see--he came just to her chin. "You're thin, so thin, Ben, who takes care of you to let you go so thin the bones show?"

"No one. No one."

"Look. I'm twice your size. No one? Look."

He saw it was true. He sighed heavily. They were both weak. They sank back into their wheel chairs.

"I'm here for the treatments. It's my throat. I can't swallow. I have to eat baby food. And puddings. So every morning I go downstairs to the big machines and for fifteen minutes I take the treatment. But they don't know what it is. Look how my skin is burned from the machine." She showed him the redness and the blisters and they compared it with the whiteness of her arms.

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"How could it be a woman like you never got married?"

"Listen," Dolly answered, "where do you find love? You tell me. Where do you find it?"

"My wife—she found it—if she can any woman can—a sour pickle."

"You're married?"

"Married! Divorced. Divorced. Can you imagine a Jew divorced?"

"It happens."

"But to me? Ben the son of the Chief Rabbi? A curse. This was a curse."

"Mr. Margulies, I've been fifteen years on the market. I'm a plum, an apricot, a grape—a little long out in the sun, maybe, but not spoiled. You understand me? To tell you the truth, I have my suspicions I didn't light up anyone's sky neither. So the question is, am I going to be left out of the human family? They give me treatments but for the real thing they have no medicines and no machines. They didn't ask me that. How I go for a walk with an eligible man on Queens Boulevard and try to turn the conversation to something interesting and he asks me about my pension."

BECAUSE it was Christmas Eve they were interrupted. Twelve young women from the nurses' residence walked with measured steps down the corridor carrying tall burning candles. They were singing Christmas carols for the patients. Dolly said they looked so beautiful because candlelight flatters the face. Ben said nothing. He turned up the sound of the television set. Dolly hit his wrist gently and commanded him to be polite. He liked this. He liked her to tell him to do something. The singing voices were sweet and sorrowful. As they walked slowly through the eleventh floor, wherever the patients could rise from their beds, they hurried to their doorways and leaned solemnly, wiping away tears. The muffled sobbing came from more serious beds.

Then Ben Margulies and Dolly Freedman turned to each other and tried to smile, not sentimental or nostalgic smiles because no Christmas was unlocked in their hearts; instead a bitterness, a loneliness—maybe a recognition of some impasse. Ben said, "Eh! what can they tell me?" and closed his eyes to rest.

Dolly said, "Between us nothing will happen so I can be honest with you. After all I'm not always looking. I have time for a little human friendship too. You're resting? So rest. With me you don't have to stand on ceremonies. And if I want to talk, I'll talk. Such a bargain with me a man doesn't have to be afraid to make. I've got relatives, uncles, cousins, who knows what—who needs them—they send their daughters to me—they want me to introduce them—work them into something—you know—I'm the big shot—I live in the city—she, the particular one who gets my goat, they send her in from Newark. But I'm looking for myself. I ask myself why do they send her. If it's a good thing I wouldn't introduce her; if it's a Gimbel's bargain why should I introduce her? After all it's my cousin! One Sunday she came and I took her to Riverside Drive. My feet killed me but how else do you bump into people? You never know who is looking. Well, she's married. Yes—yes, oh yes, she's married. And do you know how she did it? Florida! I have to invest four, five hundred dollars yet and get what she got. Well I don't say I wouldn't but your health comes first and as soon as I am back on my feet—maybe—we'll see. No one needs to feel sorry for me. I'll tell you the truth, I don't need sympathy. But I have a sense of humor, thank God. It's darkest before the dawn, isn't that right? I'll tell you the truth. You're sitting there quietly. Your eyes are closed. I know you don't hear me but I want to tell this to you, see, I really want to get married. You can believe me when I tell you that it's my ambition. I'm tired of working. I want someone to take care of. I could love someone in five minutes—five minutes after he says—Dolly—you know—be mine! Listen, Mr. Margulies, am I really—you know—not—desirable? I mean—it's late for this kind of thing—I don't even have much urge in that direction I think—but you see I don't believe in the after-life."

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The next day, Christmas, he had to remain in bed. Intravenous. Such care they take to build me up. He began to believe in his operation too. The nurses, the doctors kept patting his shoulder and telling him it was a sad thing that he should be having this for Christmas.

But no one else came to see him and he could not go to search for her. Everyone had visitors between seven and eight. He lay weeping and lonely. Then the sounds of the families coming and going, the How-are-you's and the Good-night-darling's got to him and he began to shout at the top of his voice. "Good night darling, good night darling," over and over and everyone on the floor told everyone else to listen. The patients sat up in their beds listening, all trembling at the rasping scream of the words good night darling.

Until Dolly crept inside his room and sat beside his bed stroking his hand and telling him he would be safe. She leaned over him, smoothing his sheets, careful not to jar the iron stand nor the tube taped on his arm. She kissed his forehead and whispered, "Good night, darling." He begged, "Don't leave me. I am without anybody in this room." The room was quite empty, but a Margulies must not be in a ward.

Does it make any difference how they cut out a gall bladder? Enough that Dr. Kahnweiler knew. And the OR nurses. Yet Ben Margulies had come all this way for the one great event; all these preparations were for him—he the star! He longed to see the Operating Room where the spectacular initiation was to take place. It was like a movie, only now *he* was going to be on that very table under those very lights. The gleaming instruments had been arranged and were waiting for him.

The white-gowned, white-capped anesthetist looked tenderly at him while adjusting the tube and he watched her face for a sign of recognition. "Feel like you're going somewhere, Mr. Benson?" she whispered.

"Wait! Wait! I have nowhere to go. No Benson!"

And then he missed it. Pentathol would not let him see any of it. His one great moment.

If you wonder what a man really feels about himself in the world, listen to him while he hovers below consciousness. The twenty doctors and nurses stand over him with their supple hands active on his body, but he, the man, has retreated to where the scalpel fails to reach. When Ben awakened from his deep anesthetic sleep he was sobbing uncontrollably, deeply satisfying sobs.

For five days the man would not emerge. The body healed marvelously, it was allowed to do its work quietly, free of all disintegrating thoughts. Two orderlies came twice each day to walk with the body, holding it up stolidly by the elbows, replacing it on the bed. The nurses laved it and fed it and gave it medicine. Dr. Kahnweiler was satisfied. But no one could get through to Mr. Margulies. Not even Dolly Freedman, who had permission from everyone to try. She combed his hair. She told him the story of her life. She told him the day the sun was shining that the sun was shining. She told him when it rained. When it was dark, she left it so, and told him how she would furnish a four-room apartment, yes, she asked him to marry her. He never spoke to anyone. Not once to Dolly Freedman, who had to leave the hospital on New Year's Day.

It was decided to stop the drugs. In the late afternoon they found him sitting in the telephone booth with a handful of coins staring at the dial. When they coaxed him back he turned on them furiously. "When I get a telephone call I expect you to tell me. You're paid to do a job, why don't you do it? My daughter calls twice a day and you won't let her talk to me. Is it so much to let a man talk to his own daughter whose flesh and blood she is? And my brothers they came twice to see me and you wouldn't open the door. Why should you lock a man's family out?"

During the day he was quiet enough. He took his meals well. He did not interfere with the maids. He cooperated with the nurses. At night he began. They saw him

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pacing the floor, or standing in the middle of the room with his arms folded over his chest, as if listening to some reply. Then he would shake his fists or stamp his feet in an agony of rage. What did he say? "Dogs! Lice! Is this what a man becomes? Build big buildings. Make cars. Trucks. Airplanes. For what? Who needs it? Money. Pile it in front of the door. Will it bring five minutes a man shouldn't smell like a rotten egg?" After a week no one listened much. A new patient, scared, might ask, what is that? And hear, it's only Mr. Margulies. No one comes to see him. It gets on his nerves. But the hospital staff became used to it. His pulse was steady. No fever. Little pain. Good color. What did he say? Only he indicted the world.

ONCE he came out of his room huddled in that yellow bathrobe, the long belt trailing. He stationed himself outside the women's rest room, and asked, "There was a lady there by you on your side there in a red bathrobe. Is she there? There was a lady in a red bathrobe."

On Friday evening he began early. He had been more restless that day. When the resident doctor dropped by for his regular inquiry before leaving the floor, he was puzzled by something he thought he heard Margulies say: "You can take your whole goddam America and shove it!" He prescribed a sedative. When the nurse came in with the capsule and glass of water he took it, broke it open with his finger nails, emptied it in the water and then threw the water in her face. She ran. He screamed, "Call the police! Call the fire department! Help! Help! It's poison. She gave me poison."

Two nurses closed the door on the terrifying roar. "I curse the dead! I curse the dead! And when God comes next time to ask, slam the door in his face." They were really frightened. The other nurses and the two desk clerks gathered outside the door and no one knew what to do. "I wouldn't give you two cents for the whole Coney Island!" The corridors were cleared. But from each doorway, ears, eyes—listening, watching.

The supervisor gasped: "Get emergency. For God's sake, get emergency." And they all heard the loudspeaker: "Dr. Swope, Dr. Bakely, Dr. Gumbiner, Emergency Baker 11, calling Dr. Swope, Dr. Bakely, Dr. Gumbiner, Emergency Baker 11." They came in eighty seconds from three directions. One opened the door. "No! I'm through! I quit! I wouldn't cross the street to see Theodor Herzl on a bicycle!"

"Get the guard rails up on his bed. Go on, Miss Dixon, we'll be in there with you. Gumbiner get the shot. Call 13. Tell 13 we're bringing him up." The three doctors went in together. "No shots! No shots! Nothing! Nothing! No Shots!"

The nurses crowded the door and an aide had to tap them on the shoulder to move out of the way of the stretcher with heavy leather straps. Gumbiner came out with the hypodermic syringe empty. He signed the orderlies to wait five minutes. He stood wiping his face with a towel.

Ben Margulies was covered with blankets and it was impossible to see anything as he was wheeled out into the waiting elevator. Yet he was followed. The staff watched the indicator quiver, then swing slowly past 11, through 12, tremble, then stop at 13.

Dolly Freedman came on Sunday, wearing a pearl-gray gabardine suit and a silver feather hat. She even had a bunch of flowers. When she asked for Mr. Margulies, she was not recognized. She had to say, "I'm Dolly Freedman from the red satin bathrobe. How is our patient?" It was the maid she asked.

"Oh, Mr. Benson. I remember him in my prayers. I could tell you about Mr. Benson. He's upstairs. You know—for the—" she tapped her forehead. "When he gets out of there, it won't be back here or anywhere, I can bet you. Want to make a bet?"

So. Dolly gave the flowers for the desk. She rang for the elevator. I don't know that it was the same one that took him up. It certainly took her down. She went back the way she came. Alone, but feeling that somehow her luck was changing. "Better now than five years from now. And me maybe with a baby. And the four rooms to keep up."

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TWO POEMS

ROBERT PACK

The Creation

I

Space, vacant of wind and the sweep of silence,
The almost-heard voice and the listening
Until intent becomes the pain of consciousness,
Vacant of glooms in owlish nights
And moist resolving into dawn,
Empty, with no anticipation, no retrospect,
And void of desolation—the hermit crab
Broken on a curve of beach,
Curved waves and gray cliffs sloping away;
And void of consummation—
That peak of pleasure while it neither rises
Nor has yet begun to fall away;
Vacant of wind, no scramble of birds to take the air,
And silence void of expectation.

II

My hands, stretched at my side, without surprise
I saw them, for I remembered seeing them before
Not yet my own—tight skin and chiseled fingers
Stiff upon the bones—and now they were
Becoming mine, and they glowed with a light
Flying out of darkness. I looked up
At the windy heavens, rose, and found
The earth received my foot's sure grip,
And walked on a curve of beach by the broken hermit crab,
The curved waves and the gray cliffs sloping away,
And I felt a desolation, a deep sorrow
For what I remembered and knew must be,
And the waves and the desolate curving space
Repeated in my mind, as a child returns
To a melancholy story that he loves.
My body hurt from its rising and its knowledge,
Familiarity of curving space and desolation,
And the vague glooms and the owlish night
Had music in them which, hearing now,
I wished to hear again, and, listening,
It came more richly sad and beautiful;
And death, not as oblivion,
But as repetition, as the musical return
To something that was always there,
As feeling known and knowledge felt,
Was in me who had risen from the dead:
This I recalled, this fullness of desolation,
And for all its pain (remembering the emptiness),
For all its sorrow (remembering the void),
It was enough, and so I loved the turning waters,
The windy heavens, fired with a golden light,
And the scramble of birds to take the air.
And I looked down at the stone and knew it,
And named it with the many names of praise,
And I knew the trees and animals,
And my moods were like the gestures of the leaves,
My energies like birds and animals,
And by their qualities I named myself
For what I knew already, and I was changed
And freshened, knowing myself again
And everything I still may be,
Knowing the wordy distraction in the greed of growing,
Locked in the abstract silence of the stone
And the syllabic warning of the sea.

III

And she was with me in the breathing of that day,
This too from the aching in my side I knew,
And great and little lights were framed
In heavenly dark, and velvet darkness
Framed the sensuous, inventing eye
And the ear's deep treasury, both night and day.
And I knew and felt the touch of her,
The musical breathing of that time—
Each breath a blessing of the pear's ripeness,
The melon's roundness, tart perfection

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Of autumn olive and summer grape,
The garden filling every breath, and her hair
Like colors of evening, and the sun
Holding back before repeating its descent,
Like the peak of pleasure while it neither
rises
Nor has yet begun to fall away,
Before one repetition merges with another—
Whose desolate fullness, full with all
green things,
But vacant, void of anticipation,
Empty of retrospect, I remembered
When I saw my hands stretched
at my side,
And knew that this was not the first time
I had died.

The Fall

And when I opened up my eyes I saw
The dawn-light frost the apple tree;
I stepped out of the big dream of the sea
Into the separated sky,
And walked the new-made glittering grass
Past golden peach and nectarine,
Past purple of the plum, awake in a riot
of sense
And in the ceremony of the heart.
The big dream of the sea moved in my mind
With its multitude of fishes, currents of
whales,
And salt fecundity, and so it was
At my waking I found her by my side.
What knowledge then, what thankfulness
And what unease, to wake and find a dream
Come true, and I spun in a vertigo
Of happenings not yet come, dream within
dream,
And settled where the universe began.
In the beginning, I stirred in the dream
Of the chaos of empty winds, chaos
Of dark upon dark, motion without matter
And substance without form, but I knew
In the dream, in the unreal waiting,
In the unreal time, that what I dreamed
Was of a past eternally gone,
And when I opened up my eyes I saw
The dawn-light frost the apple tree.
The beginning, the separated heavens,
The sea and the land, the salt fecundity
And the innocence of animals—
All here in the garden as it had to be,
Fixed and waiting as in a memory
That draws you back within a dream,
And you wake to find the memory is true,
And the dream is what must come to be,
Fixed and waiting as in a memory.
And so it was at my waking I found her
By my side, true as she had to be,
True as the singing miracle of sky
and birds,
True as the water's blessing, the pensive oak,
And the graceful birch, and the frolic of
squirrels
In a frolic of leaves—all true and dancing
In the new-made light, rounded in shadow
And the depth of shade—and, in the center,
In a riot of sense and in the ceremony
Of the heart, I opened up my eyes and saw
The dawn-light frost the apple tree.
And the dreaming in my mind conceived
The blame and the jealous blow and the tide
Of blood gathering to the sorrow of waters,
The animals, two by two, again
The monotony of peace, again the unheard
cry
And the torturer's escape, the depression
of prophecy
And the ultimate anger of the fire—
Because of the beginning. And I remember
She was gone, and I knew why, and even
though
It was a dream, I ran, hoping to stop her,
Trying to wake before I dreamed the
beginning;
And I did, and all was forgotten,
And there, eyes closed, we lay together,
But I, not wanting to dream the beginning,
Remembering it did not have to be,
I opened up my eyes and saw
The dawn-light frost the apple tree.

Robert Pack's critical study of Wallace Stevens has just been issued by Rutgers University Press, and in the fall Macmillan will bring out his second volume of verse, *A Stranger's Privilege*. Mr. Pack, a native New Yorker, teaches at Columbia. A previous poem by him appeared in our June 1956 number.

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THE PAINTER JULES PASCIN

A Jewish Bohemian

ALFRED WERNER

IT HAS been said that the only real life is that of one's fame, but the painter Jules Pascin would have scorned this idea. Perhaps he was spoiled by the praise of his admirers, or maybe he was too self-indulgent. Fellow artists were awed by his skill, he was sought after by all kinds of women. In short, he was too busy enjoying the here and now to worry about posthumous fame. It came to him nonetheless, not too many years after his self-inflicted death, at the age of forty-five, in 1930.

Since about 1950 any easel painting or, if none was available, any water color or drawing signed with his name (including, unfortunately, quite a few fakes) has been as good as gold on the art market. He may not yet bulk large in the standard textbooks on art, but he is given ample attention in Skira's three-volume *History of Modern Painting*, where, somewhat oddly, he is included in the chapter "The Realist Reaction," along with the Belgian Permeke and the Frenchman Gromaire.

Pascin has not yet become a household word, like Gauguin or Toulouse-Lautrec, but the legends woven around him are almost as rich and make the task of sorting fact from fiction in his biography a somewhat difficult one. Like another Sephardic Jewish artist, Modigliani, he lived a life that was extremely un-Jewish in its disorder, though typical of that of more than a few Jews who were transmuted too suddenly from a bourgeois into a bohemian environment. Though formally married to one woman (the French painter Hermine David), for years he maintained a *ménage à trois* with a mistress (Lucy Krohg) who was the wife of another artist. In Paris, in New York, in New Orleans, in any of the cities where this restless wanderer paused, he had countless casual affairs with other women: models, school teachers, waitresses, and prostitutes. It is known that he contracted gonorrhea, and it was rumored that a long-standing syphilitic infection was the main reason for his suicide at forty-five.

He drank enough to shock even Montmartre, Montparnasse, and Greenwich Village. Eventually cirrhosis of the liver forced him to desist. Some claim that he took his life because he was unable to function without alcohol. His home, or homes, were bereft of comfort or amenity. He did not care where he slept, when he slept at all. Wandering the streets, he always looked as though he were desperately in need of sleep. Yet he was at the same time an artist of peerless gifts—as painter, draftsman, illustrator—and his work looms larger than the sordid and tragic circumstances of his life, however vivid these may remain in the memories of those who knew him.

From the way Pascin's American friends continue to talk about him, one might think that he had only gone back to his studio on the Boulevard de Clichy, or that he was still traveling somewhere in Louisiana, or Cuba, or Tunis, or Spain. Speaking to the art dealer Fanny Ganso, or to the painter Ernst Fiene, it was hard to believe that the time was 1958 and not 1930.

Pascin portrayed himself only once (in a

ALFRED WERNER here adds to his series of portraits of Jewish artists, both European and American. Painters previously discussed by him have been Yankel Adler, Elie Nadelman, Modigliani, and Pissarro. Mr. Werner is a contributing editor of the New York publication *Arts*. He has written biographies of Utrillo, Rousseau, and Dufy, and is presently at work on a book about Pascin, to be published by Harry N. Abrams, Inc.

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sketchy drawing). But I have seen photographs and a portrait of him—nearly a caricature, but probably true in its essence—done by the Swedish Jewish painter, Isaac Gruenewald. These (as well as the words of people who knew him) showed a pale little man, dapper in black, an enormous derby tilted to one side of his big head, with heavy eyelids, full lips from which a cigarette always dangled—and with the air of Paris or Berlin in 1913.

The German artist George Grosz remembers him in the days before the First World War, sitting at the Café du Dôme making tiny drawings on margins of newspaper: "You would draw elegant little obscenities with uncanny skill. We would all stand around your table and watch with admiration." Grosz saw him again, many years later: ". . . it was one of those typical evenings—we were making the rounds of all the places until morning. *Faire la bombe.* More and more friends and sycophants attached themselves to us, because you always paid for everyone. You threw your money away as if it were worthless paper, but somehow it would always fly right back into your pocket. You just couldn't get rid of it. I sat next to you, our heads swimming with music and alcohol, and in your soft voice, for the first and only time, you revealed your inner soul. Somehow it was like a swan song. Then, as if you were cutting off the dirty ends of your cuffs, you cut your arteries."

When they found his body they saw the words, scrawled in his own blood on the studio wall, "Lucy, *pardonnez-moi.*" Pascin was never adept at writing letters. Those of his that are preserved contain trivial remarks about the progress of his work, or apologies for having misbehaved under the influence of liquor. He did not unburden himself in writing, but in talk he would confess to friends how wretched he was underneath the gay veneer he wore: "I am the unhappiest man in the world," he said to Mrs. Ganso, who saw him often in his last years (her late husband, the painter Emil Ganso, was the most devoted friend he had in the United States). To another friend he said, "I've done what I set out to do and there is nothing more."

It was not bad health alone that bothered Pascin. To judge from his work, there was a vein of morbidity and despair in him from the start.

"The temperament of a man counts more than his work," he said. "I should not be disagreeably surprised to see works of art treated as perishable matter and disappearing at the artist's death." Pascin was not unlike Oscar Wilde, who complained that he had used up his genius in living and put only his talent into his work. Like Wilde, too, Pascin was a witty talker, the center of attention at every social occasion. He knew the best restaurants, the most elegant night clubs and, as George Grosz writes—and as my American sources have confirmed—always paid for everybody. He was an exhibitionist who felt that not being talked about was the worst indignity and, like Wilde again, he did not value art above all other things.

Pascin's antecedents do not explain him: the sadistic strain that was coupled with a childlike generosity, the nihilism that went hand in hand with a refusal to make compromises in his own art. He was more loved than otherwise by his contemporaries. The painter Arthur Kaufmann has described Pascin's burial in the Saint-Ouen Cemetery in Paris: after the rabbi had officiated, a friend, the critic André Salmon, was supposed to speak, but was halted by his tears. Whereupon everyone in the crowd broke out in sobs.

THERE were, I believe, no members of the Pincas (Pascin's original name) family at the funeral. Of Pascin's brothers and sisters, just one has revealed anything about him, and that solely pertains to his childhood. The various accounts of his youth, from his birth in the Bulgarian town of Viddin in 1885 to his arrival in Paris twenty years later, are sown with contradictions and improbabilities. Several biographers, in all earnestness, trace his talent back to an al-

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leged ancestor who was Rembrandt's first teacher (Jan Simmonsz Pynas—who happened not to be a Jew).

The fact that Pascin was a Jew has not escaped anyone who has written about him. Roger Brielle includes him in his series of short essays entitled "Les Peintres Juifs" (*L'Amour de l'Art,* June 1933). Charles Douglas, in the chapter devoted to Pascin in his Montmartre and Montparnasse reminiscences, *Artist Quarter* (1941), intimates that his suicide was due to a "wave of that black nihilism with which so many Jews are afflicted." Paolo d'Ancona, in *Modigliani, Chagall, Soutine, Pascin* (1954), gives an account of his life and dwells on his art in the last chapter, "Expressionism and Jewish Art."

A biography of Pascin by Horace Brodzky (1946) maintains that he was of a "half-Serbian, half-Italian mother," and a "Spanish-Jewish father"; yet his mother was, without a doubt, as completely Jewish as his father. A more recent book, by André Warnod, tells us that the elder Pincas was a grain merchant, and fathered six boys and two girls (Jules was the seventh child). Adam-Saulnier, in the January 1951 issue of *Revue de la Pensée Juive,* claims that the artist's grandfather was a confidant and financial adviser of Milosh Obrenovic I (1780-1860), prince of Serbia and founder of the Obrenovic dynasty.

Jules seems to have been his mother's favorite, and pampered by her. Preoccupied with drawing, he did not play much with children of his own age. We know nothing about his education, religious or secular. In his teens he went to work in the Budapest office of his father's firm,* but seems to have occupied himself with sketching rather than with business.

The story that, by the age of sixteen, he spent more time in a local brothel than at home, and had for his mentor—even in matters of art—the madame of the establishment, is very much open to doubt. It is also said that, when his father pressed him to work in the family grain business, Pascin climbed through an office window and ran away.

Unbelievable, too, is the story that, at the age of fifteen, having won a cartoon competition promoted by a Viennese newspaper, he secretly traveled to Vienna where he was met at the station by the editor of the paper; the latter, dismayed to see a small, thin boy before him who looked no more than eleven, sent him home. But it is an indisputable fact that he did reach Munich at the age of eighteen, probably on the strength of sketches sent to the editor of the famous satirical magazine *Simplizissimus.* Whether he came to Germany with the approval of his family is not known.

IN THE decade before 1914 many young Jews traveled to Paris to study art and escape from the constriction and monotony of their native milieus. Critics and art historians have often included Pascin in what is called the *"École Juive"* of Paris, yet he belongs to it even less than Modigliani, who, though he stood apart from that "school" stylistically, at least possessed what might be called "Jewish consciousness." Modigliani, we are told, boasted of his Jewishness and reacted with violence to any signs of anti-Semitism. But neither in Paris nor in New York—the places where he always kept a "home" and to which he always returned from his travels—was Pascin known to have demonstrated any consciousness of himself as a Jew. He knew a few phrases of Yiddish, as he knew and used phrases in a dozen other tongues (he was most at home in French and German, and could express himself after a fashion in English). Once he started out on a trip to Palestine, but without any Zionist sentiment whatsoever—for that matter, he had as little interest in politics in general as in abstract ideas or theories—and got no farther than Greece. The only

*The critic Martin Birnbaum, who helped Pascin's entry into the American art world, asserts that Pascin, in his mature life, did not feel the time spent in his father's office to have been completely wasted: "He was always grateful for that business experience, claiming that it liberated him from the influence of schools and brought him into contact with everyday life" (*Universal Jewish Encyclopedia,* Vol. 8).

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"Jewish" subjects he ever treated were plump Jewish women in the Bronx and in Tunis, drawn with the same nonchalant irony and supreme skill that characterize his slightest scrawl.

He had no close relations with the members of the *École Juive* after he came to Paris. Many of the latter lived together (in the beginning at least) in wretched little holes, whereas he, drawing an excellent salary from *Simplizissimus*, could afford his own large studio. Most of the newcomers from Eastern Europe attended academies, and then were affected by current trends—Fauvism, Cubism, Surrealism, Expressionism, and so on—but Pascin found a personal idiom early, one that he hardly changed in the remaining twenty-five years of his life. His was a natural talent: if he ever received any formal training in art beyond what he may have gotten in the way of drawing lessons at the *Gymnasium* (if he ever attended one), the details have eluded his biographers.

Even his earliest works—mostly drawings (the bulk of his oils were done only in the last decade of his life)—showed a sureness of line and an economy of means for which he was envied by artists twice his age. He worked in every moment of his "sober" intervals. The dealer Albert Duveen and others have told me that, whether alone or surrounded by people (which was most frequently the case, since he was the most gregarious of men, basically detached, yet always in need of company), he was always drawing—on the tops of restaurant tables, on newspapers, on any available scrap of paper and with any pointed instrument he could find.

He illustrated seven books, and contributed single illustrations to two others. The first was Heine's *Die Memoiren des Herrn von Schnabelewopski* (1910), the last, *Cendrillon* (1929), by the 17th-century French story teller, Charles Perrault. Witty and delicate though all these drawings were from the first, there is nonetheless a clear development from the precise and somewhat restrained line of the earlier ones to the more spontaneous expressions, unhampered by contour or extraneous detail, of Pascin's maturity. Every journey yielded a heap of drawings, many of them heightened with water color—of Negro workers in the Southern states, of musicians in Spain, of horsemen in Cuba, of a bazaar in Tunis. They were in essence sketches, but sketches with a finality and a definiteness of assertion that permitted no correction. Like a camera, he was always ready to depict what his eyes fell on, and he trained himself to transfer his vision to paper with the speed of a camera lens.

He often sketched landscapes, but never without people in them. In his oils he concentrated exclusively on human beings; thus he left behind no landscapes on canvas, and only one or two flower pieces. A large satirical painting, "Socrates and His Disciples Insulted by Courtesans," is in New York's Museum of Modern Art, and two different versions of the David and Bathsheba story are among the hundred Pascins that Joseph M. Pincas, his older brother, gave to the Bezalel Museum in Jerusalem in 1949.

But these "anecdotal" pictures are exceptions. The rule is: the human body, draped, or better still, undraped. There are a few fine portrait studies—of his wife, Hermine David, who was a frequent sitter; others who posed for him were the writer Pierre Mac Orlan and the dealer Alfred Flechtheim—but the favored motif was the female nude or semi-nude.

It is easy to spot a Pascin oil; most of them show a pubescent female clad only in a scant chemise or jacket and a pair of stockings, and facing the observer in a far from modest pose. Many people who do not object to Renoir's nudes find Pascin's "oversexed," but it is possible to find "unexciting" the languid, sickly-looking females that Pascin favored. There is nothing gay about them, they never laugh, their expressions are melancholy. At the uneasy age between childhood and womanhood, they do not seem to belong to the world of the living, but are rather shadows midway on the journey between the languishing fancy and erotic fact. Pascin was

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hardly thirty-five when he began painting these subjects, which convey nostalgia for life rather than life itself. His sexuality was already jaded.

There is, all too often, something puritanical, guilt-laden, about the modern Jew's fundamental attitude toward sex. Even an omnivorous lover like Modigliani had it. His nudes, too, are tired, withdrawn from life. Modigliani once visited the septuagenarian Renoir in the south of France. "Paint with joy," the old man advised the youth, "with the same joy with which you would make love to a woman." And he explained, "I always caress the buttocks for days and days before finishing a canvas." Apparently, this was too much for Modigliani, who, for all his debauchery, had a profound conviction of the sinfulness of the flesh. Rising abruptly, he said with distaste in his voice, "I, *monsieur,* don't care for buttocks."

Nor did Pascin. Sexuality is in his art, but greatly diluted, just as he thinned his color with much turpentine to permit swiftness of execution. The older he grew the less interest he had in his ostensibly erotic subject matter, and the greater his need became to render subtle tones and changes of shade, to produce the most delicate innuendos, to create a dreamlike, vaporous atmosphere of withered pink, faded violet, and saffron yellow. There was something exceedingly sad in this *"pierrot lunaire et prince charmant de la peinture."* He was bohemian all right, but Jews, it seems, make bad bohemians; they have as little resistance to alcohol as the Red Indians had. A Jew may try, and Modigliani did try, very bravely. "From the day he abandoned himself to certain forms of debauchery," writes André Salmon, "an unexpected light came upon him, transforming his art." And his debauchery killed him at the age of thirty-seven, the writer might have added.

There were others from *bekoved* Jewish families who tried to live unconventionally, in bohemia, as writers, artists, dancers, actors, patrons. Some of them, having paid with their lives for daring to live unconventionally, are not even remembered after their deaths. In Pascin we have, however, a real artist, one who, to borrow terms from Freud, did not and could not accommodate instinctual gratification to the demands of reality, and who, instead, preserved his erotic desires and ambitious dreams in fantasy life. Yet Pascin did find the way back to reality; his gift enabled him to mold his fantasies into a new kind of reality. And that reality, which is the reality of art, is a valid one.

THE trite explanation for the "self-destructive" way of life practiced by Pascin, Modigliani, and their fellows—that artists have to be vagabonds and profligates—won't do. Paolo d'Ancona cannot understand why Pascin drove himself from place to place, and from country to country, filling his life with drugs and women, "the tonic he but too often took to try and get rid of the disappointment and sadness that lay so heavily on his soul." Adventure, sex, alcohol, drugs—these were some of the keys with which, long before young Pascin's arrival in Paris, the *"poètes maudits"* had tried to open the gates to paradise. Repelled by the matter-of-factness of bourgeois society and a machine age, they attempted to break out of everyday life into superior reality. For this, the mind had to be freed from the shackles of reason. Let the body be ruined, let the individual be condemned by respectable society; it was more important to extend the range of one's sensations, to remove the blinders called normal intelligence. Rimbaud had advocated the "long, immense, and deliberate derangement of all the senses"; he had declared it the duty of the poet to exhaust "all forms of love, suffering, insanity." Thirty and more years later, Montmartre and Montparnasse still reverberated with the echo of these dangerous words. Twenty-two-year-old Modigliani, arriving in Paris a few months after Pascin, was a good boy for a while, a model student away from home, attending his art classes regularly, avoiding vices, and keeping his bachelor apartment neat. His painting is said to have been very ordinary at that time. Unfortunately for him, yet fortunately for us, Modigliani

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changed, to become the first and foremost of the *peintres maudits*—painters under a curse.

Modigliani took Rimbaud at his word, Pascin only acted as though he did. To this day, critics misunderstand him because they do not understand his method of work. It has been claimed that Pascin was "temperamentally unfitted" for work which required careful planning, that he never produced anything but unfinished sketches. Cézanne preferred to paint still lifes and landscapes because they stayed put and never tired of "posing," but Pascin wanted to achieve perfection in his own way, from the stimulating presence of a live model, through the utmost concentration of his artificially enhanced nervous energy on a half-hour's intensive work, so intensive that he would collapse afterwards in a cold sweat.

It took Pascin untold hours of work to arrive, at last, at the nervous, expressive, seemingly careless line which marks his supremacy as a draftsman. From his early illustrations, precise and clever, but still unfree—still nearer to, say, Ludwig Richter than Daumier—he slowly advanced to spontaneous, fulfilled expression.

Many who appreciate Pascin the draftsman are not always fair to Pascin the painter, saying that his oils are only "drawings heightened by paint." It is true that he never expressed himself with the charged masses of color of a Van Gogh or a Soutine. He never had a Fauvist urge to shoot colors, pure and strong, straight from the tube onto the canvas, like "sticks of dynamite." But the texture is still fairly heavy in Pascin's realistic study of a standing nude ("Le Modèle à l'Atelier," dated 1909), which is reminiscent of Matisse's early "Carmelina," even as regards the reflection of the painter's image visible in the upper left corner. And there is an element of Toulouse-Lautrec in "Portrait de Femme," painted about 1906.

But Pascin wished to get away from deliberate, pondered execution. He wanted to shoot, not color, but his libido onto the canvas, and to do so without premeditation. The medium that served him best, he found, was pigment diluted almost to the consistency of water color with turpentine. Toulouse-Lautrec, sketching in the music halls and cabarets of Montmartre, likewise preferred this technique, which permitted swift execution and intensified emphasis through the thickening or thinning of color at will.

PASCIN never belonged to any school, cannot be contained within any movement. There may be a romantic note in the *sfumato*, the blurredness, of his flesh forms by contrast with the delicate rendering of the undergarments, but this has nothing to do with any standard notions of "romanticism." His means are entirely his own. To increase the notion of unreality, his figures are often foreshortened, almost thrust at the beholder, and there is only a minimum of orthodox perspective in the rendering of space. There is no one definite source of light, but only iridescent flickers that seem to come from a slowly moving chandelier, leaving a gleam here or there, as the candles pass by.

In his twilight world there was no place for the "healthy" bourgeois into which a Julius Pincas might have developed had a grain merchant's wishes prevailed over the inclinations of his precocious son. There is no easy explanation for the fact that Jules Pascin was the first in a long line of Sephardic businessmen to ignore the traditional paternal advice, and the first, too, to marry a Gentile and eat *treife* food, in the conviction that "every country has its own kind of women and its own cookery," as Heine once put it.

The Pincas family, it seems, struck him from their memory after he had run away to bohemia to find the love, the understanding, that they themselves had failed to provide. And perhaps he did find this love in the two women who vied for his unstable, unpredictable affections. Admiration he received from the start, when German editors bought sketches from him, a beginner, for sums that would have made Van Gogh or Modigliani happy for years. He found other admirers in the United States (of which he became a citizen during the First World War), where he influenced such artists as

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Kuniyoshi, Ganso, and Brook, and which produced many "little Pascins" during the 1920's, who imitated his mannerisms.

He committed suicide on the eve of a one-man exhibition in Paris that was to add to his already tremendous reputation. But perhaps he died at the right time. Perhaps his suicide was, as has been suggested, a kind of punctuation mark to indicate the beginning of the end of an era. He was not a titan who tried to break the traditions of art with the hammer of conviction. He was a poet, trying to find a niche in the thousand-year-old house of Western art. As Yvan Goll put it, Pascin traveled through life like a king who had lost his crown but retained his dignity. As another friend, Florent Fels, has said, he was "like those rainbows of which one perceives the tender fragments, and which are only the elements of tears and sunshine."

In the 1930's Pascin's reputation sank sharply, especially in the United States. Suddenly, it was discovered that he was not modern after all. He did not fit into the Abstract Realm, he who had utterly ignored the revolution wrought by the Cubist painters and sculptors; nor had he anything in common wtih Social Realism, he who seemingly had lived only for perverse pleasures. He was not "spiritual," he never attempted to moralize, he showed human beings without judging them.

Pascins were rarely seen and even more rarely sold in the first twenty years after his death. When, in 1952, for the first time in years, a large selection of his works was displayed at the Perls Galleries in New York, a critic described him as "one of the most underrated and forgotten talents of our time." And only in the last three or four years has he really been rediscovered—as one who was a great painter in defiance of Picasso, Kandinsky, and Mondrian; as an "Old Master"; as one akin, perhaps, to Watteau, frivolous like him, but also poetic and tender; and related, as a draftsman, to Forain, Beardsley, and Toulouse-Lautrec.

The prices of Pascins began to rise. Today one of his larger oils may fetch as much as $10,000, while the price of a drawing from his hand may go to $1,000. What is more important, there is a new appreciation of his work among those who cannot buy it, and must content themselves with such fine color reproductions as are to be found in the two monographs that have appeared on Pascin in recent years—one, in English, by the artist Horace Brodzky, the other, in French, by Pascin's intimate friend, the critic André Warnod. So far, however, only dealers have presented his work in this country. Though it owns two of his oils, and a large number of his water colors and drawings, the Museum of Modern Art has not yet honored him with a commemorative show. Perhaps Pascin will never become an altogether popular master, despite the many ingratiating qualities of his art. It requires the eye of a poet, the soul of a young girl, to appreciate entirely the tender sentiment with which this enigmatic Bulgarian Jew infused his diluted pigments and thinned-out inks.

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"NAMING DAY IN EDEN"

When Man First Learned to Speak

NOAH J. JACOBS

THE origins of human speech have long fascinated philologists and historians, but rarely has the subject been treated with such a wealth of literary reference as in the work *Naming Day in Eden,* by NOAH J. JACOBS, from which some extracts are here presented, and which will be published by Macmillan this month. Mr. Jacobs is a linguist now resident in Israel who combines the erudition of the grammarian with the literary interests of the humanist scholar. The selections we give deal humorously with some aspects of the Biblical tradition, but are not to be regarded as an exercise in the Higher Criticism; it is solely Adam's contribution to language that interests Mr. Jacobs.

PHILOSOPHIC minds have always speculated on the nature of human speech. Countless learned works have been written dealing with the structure and classification of languages, their connections and points of divergence, their morphology and changing phonetic systems. These volumes often appear on poor paper with narrow margins and what is worse, in German. They therefore cannot be recommended for continuous inspection by readers with weak eyes or wandering minds. Recent writers, guided by a positivistic bias, have attempted to disinfect language of its unpredictable elements and bring it close to logic and mathematics. We may secretly admire their erudition but the jargon of their joyless tomes is so alarming that only intrepid souls imbued with a reckless love of the subjects would venture beyond the opening lines. Yet no study is more rewarding or fascinating. Language touches on all subjects and overflows into every discipline. It exerts a direct and visible influence on our daily lives. The study of foreign tongues, the revival of ancient languages, the problems of translation, the adoption of a world language, the ethics of advertising, the ravages of propaganda and, above all, the vexing questions of correct speech—these are the subjects which fill the air with interminable quibbling, often breeding bad blood among the disputants. The great issues which perplex mankind, as well as its petty quarrels, revolve around words. The fate of many a man has been decided by a preposition or a conjunction. . . .

Of all the memorials of [Adam's] genius none is more amazing than the gift of speech which he has bequeathed to us. We are in the dark concerning the nature of this miracle wrought by man's spirit. The origin and embryology of human speech are wrapped in mystery. All we know is that the first feeble sounds which broke forth from Adam have come down to us from ear to ear, the open gateway to the soul, and that the fatal sequence of that inexhaustible voice reverberating down the ages is the bond of solidarity which unites us in one continuous humanity. Adam's pioneering work in this field, his naming of the animals, has earned him a permanent niche in the science of linguistic investigation. In the symbolism of that mighty myth, as recorded in the second chapter of Genesis, we catch a glimpse of the grandeur of his creation and its significance in human history. . . .

And out of the ground the Lord God formed every beast of the field and every fowl of the air, and brought them unto Adam to see what he would call them: and whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that was the name thereof. And Adam gave names to all cattle, and to the fowl of the air, and to every beast of the field; but for

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man there was not found an help meet for him. (Gen. 2:19-20)

How did it dawn on first man to use his invisible breath to express the ideas stirring within him? Spirit alone is formless and empty; language alone seduces us from the truth with its syntax and euphony. Which of the two mandates did Adam follow? The problem is how to introduce opaque language into spirit without obscuring it. How did the sounds Adam uttered capture the essence of the animals that passed before him in review? Was the conjunction of the airy concept and the palpable intuition fortuitous? Were the animal names invented for the occasion or were they stored up in some divine greenhouse waiting to be selected by Adam's brooding mind? Did the bewildered beasts fall noiselessly into place when their master's voice fell upon them and slip into their names as if into preexisting garments? And if Adam created these garments a priori, on what principles were the patterns cut? Would another man differently disposed have created other designs? Did man aim his arrowy words at the target's center or was his bow struck at a venture? And if shot from his primal brain in happy ignorance, how did those random verbal darts find their fleshy marks to brand them forever?

But our Great Progenitor proceeded confidently and with an air of strong assurance. He himself seems to have set high store on his performance. After he had reviewed the Parade, we see him pacing to and fro, soliloquizing on the import of his linguistic feat, which he straightway made the subject of a panegyric:

I named them as they passed, and understood
Their nature; with such knowledge God endued
My sudden apprehension. . . .
(Paradise Lost, Book VIII, II.352-354)

What *was* the nature of that "sudden apprehension"? Of the infinity of natural sounds ringing in his ears, which did Adam choose to render the essence of the tabanid horsefly, the piebald magpie, the aciculated hedgehog, the wanton lapwing, and all the animals which in that brief review frolicked before him on the green? Was the name he gave the elephant, for example, a faithful reproduction of its roaring (the bow-wow theory) or of some mystic harmony between it and the sound that its vast trunk emitted when struck (the ding-dong theory)? Was the name a rhythmic chant designed to raise its flagging spirit as man goaded it on to do his work (the yo-heave-ho theory) or a vocal reflex signifying his displeasure (the pooh-pooh theory)? It may be that Adam's tongue unwittingly reproduced some typical elephantine gesture, an oral replica of the beast's lithe proboscis, the texture of its wrinkled bulk or the swish of its flapping tail (the ta-ta or the wig-wag theory). Or, to take a more modest example, how did Adam name the bat? Which characteristic impressed him at the moment of naming? Did its blindness move him to call it *murciélago* (Sp.), its baldness *chauve-souris* (Fr.), its shyness *pipistrello* (It.), its leathery skin *Laderlapp* (Dan.) or *böregér* (Hung. from *bör*, leather; *egér*, mouse), its preference for the night *nukteris* (Gr.), its resemblance to the mouse *Fledermaus* (Ger.) or *letutsaya mysh* (Rus.), the sound of its flapping wings *watwat* (Arab.), its winglike hands *chiroptera* (Lat. from Gr. *chir*, hand, plus *pteron*, wing), its resemblance to a lily (!) *liliac* (Rum.), its reputed love of bacon *bat* (OE *backe*, bacon)? The Chinese have conferred a number of laudatory names on this mouse-like mammal, such as *embracing wings, heavenly rat, fairy rat, night swallow*, and use it as a symbol of happiness and long life because its name *fu* in Chinese happens to be a homonym which means both bat and prosperity. . . .

A RABBINIC legend which has come down to us represents the naming scene in the Garden as a verbal contest or spelling bee among Adam, the angels, and the Devil. The angels, of course, were the first to be eliminated, for angels are notoriously poor linguists. They are too conceited (that is conceptual), and since they speak to God face

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to face, their diaphanous words are defecated of all opaqueness. Their sensuous functions have been extinguished so that they have no idea of sensible images, metaphor, tones or gestures. They have no need in their noumenal sphere of these seductive and puzzling artifices. Their penchant for unashamed abstraction is the deepest strain in their make-up. The thick facts in the redundant realm of feeling are totally foreign to the angelic mood. Eliminated in the very first round, the angels retired behind the Lord to watch the principals from the background. On the other side, infant History, still unoccupied, was wistfully awaiting the incubation of the second creation. We now see Adam emerging from the wings of the green stage, skipping his way amid the fragrant foliage. The Devil then entered from the north on horseback, as is his custom. Adam, though chaste and vigorous, was no match for the Devil, whose impetuous mind, unburdened by moral scruples and sharpened in the struggle with virtue, was fit to rend into pieces the most recalcitrant material. He was even then an expert in language, a past master of polyptoton, epanados, opomnemonysis, anacoenosis and persiflage, and could quote Scripture by heart. He knew the hang of things in this hurly-burly world of illusion and deception. His aggressive mind hankered after concrete ideas in the world of flesh. He never lost sight of the innumerable portents of mortality in the stubborn world of sense, the material base that lies at the root of words—the eye in *daisy* (OE *daeges éage,* day's eye), the ass in *easel* (Dut. *ezel,* ass), the groove in *delirium* (Lat. *de* plus *lira,* furrow, that is, not in the groove), the buttocks in *recoil* (Lat. *re* plus *culus,* the posteriors) and the testicles in *orchid* (Gr. *orkhis,* testicle). The Devil, unlike the angels, was at home in the world of phenomena. He knew how to combine pure concepts with empirical intuitions, the sound with the inner form, which is the basic principle of linguistic creation. No wonder he was self-assured and confident of victory.

The Lord then passed before the contestants the ox, the camel and the ass, in the order named. A Midrashic footnote informs us that only *one* animal, namely, the ox, was presented since the Hebrew text gives only the singular form: "And the Lord brought *it* to Adam to see what he would call *it.*" This, however, could only mean that Adam was still unfamiliar with the plural number. The dual number was first devised by Noah, according to the available linguistic data, when he reviewed the animals two by two as they embarked. To Adam, however, the animals were presented one by one until the zoological parade was completed, with the exception of the pig and the cat, which were created later in Noah's Ark, the pig being formed from the elephant's trunk in order to dispose of the accumulated garbage and the cat being sneezed forth by the lion so as to rid the boat of rats. In any case, the Devil, heckled by the unfriendly spectators, became rattled and failed to give the proper names to the first three animals presented. Thereupon Adam, without hesitation, pronounced the right names and was hailed victor. How did he contrive to win the contest against such superior odds?

At this point a rabbinic tradition comes to our rescue with an amazing particular not generally known; namely that this verbal duel had been previously "fixed" by the Lord, who deliberately revealed to Adam the proper answers by a mnemonic device concealed within the question; that is, the Divine Interlocutor framed the questions in such a manner that the first letter of the first word of the question was the same as the first letter of the name of the animal under consideration. The Devil had hoped for little sympathy but he was not prepared for this unscrupulous ruse. It turned his enthusiasm to bitterness. As soon as he detected the unethical stratagem, he retired to the shades vowing vengeance. . . .

Now, from this divine Intervention at the very dawn of human history we can gain a number of linguistic and pedagogical insights of prime importance. In the first place it is evident that Adam in naming the animals applied a priori principles not derived

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from his own meager experience. That is, the God-given rational pirnciple, which is the *conditio sine qua non* of all knowledge, was already part of man's mind and operative in the spiritual activity of naming, else he would not have understood God's promptings. Apravanel of Portugal, the last of the Jewish Aristotelians at the time of Columbus, formulated this principle as follows: "God created language according to nature; and when He created man, He created in him the principles of language." This formulation is based on the phrase "and man became a living soul" (Genesis 2:7), which in the Aramaic translation, obviously influenced by the Stoics, is rendered "and the breath of life became in man a speaking spirit." Corroboration for this rational conviction has been found by exegetes in the verb *to see* in our text (Genesis 2:19), from which they deduce that the Lord was watching Adam during the contest, just as a teacher watches his pupil, *to see* whether the lesson had been learned well. From this we learn that God is the Author of language, that He imparted it to Adam when He prompted him to name the animals He presented to his gaze, and that man "caught on" because God had condescended to breathe the breath of life into the dust he had formed so that He could speak to man on common ground. This divine Whispering holds things together in the perceptual world and is the guarantee of the validity of human communication. Prayer precedes speech, and words have meaning only in relation to the Word. The collaboration between the human and the divine gives language its substance. Adam thus becomes the Interpreter of the divine, which is the proper function of the prophet.

The Devil, with all his prodigious learning, could not withstand this sagacious division of labor. He knew the law, but Adam knew the Judge of whose protection he was assured: "And I have put my words in thy mouth, and I have covered thee in the shadow of mine hand, that I may plant the heavens and lay the foundations of the earth" (Isaiah 51:16). The animals could have been named by the Lord, but He relegated the task to Adam for pedagogical reasons, to summon him to use his reason, to make him responsible in a dialogic situation and to give him the opportunity for re-creation. Though God could have prompted Adam with the entire name of the animal in question, He preferred to give him only the first letter, a mere hint. For each man must appropriate the truth on his own as a free act of ethical choice. Repetition by rote deprives the student of the challenge to make decisions by increasing his dependence upon the teacher. A teacher's precepts should be deliberately vague, since the circumstances in life are too varied and intricate for the arbitrary application of specific rules. The function of the teacher is to present problems, not solutions; to give yeast, not bread. Truth does not fall into the student's mouth like a ripe apple. Thus did God convey His purposes to Adam in this first lesson. God was the coining master, but Adam had to learn the value of money through his own responsible labors. . . .

ADAM was a rationalist in Eden. His reason, anchored in the solid harbor of God's Mind, was invulnerable to the insurrection of the flesh. His conquering cognition was not rooted to a particular time or place nor governed by subjective considerations of sect or party. He was born into the truth. He therefore had no need of images or metaphors, except as a supplementary aid to intensify or enhance the meaning of his words. The image was not part of the word's meaning; the abstract was not derived from the concrete image nor did the latter precede the former, temporally or logically, in the development of language. That Adam saw the "red" sunset after he saw the "red" apple does not mean that the color of the latter was transferred by him to the former or that the first is prose and the second poetry. The color "red" is an equipollent quality indigenous to both objects. We may confidently assume that in Eden the abstract preceded the concrete. This can be seen from the German word *Abend*, which means both *evening* and *west*, that is, both the time and

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the place of the setting sun. Since the time of the setting sun can be conceived by itself without any reference to the place of its setting but not vice versa, it is natural that the word *Abend* should first be applied to the time when the sun's rays cease to illuminate the horizon and only subsequently to the area in which it sinks. Language was thus evolved on logical principles inherent in the human mind.

All this was changed after the Fall. The mind's original connection with God was broken and with it its rational frame. The Fall had deranged the intellect and made it subject to the distractions and irrelevant excitements of the sensible world. The thing-in-itself, the dark kernel of being, was now inaccessible to the "meddling intellect." An alarming shift had taken place in the intellectual world, a shift from reason to imagination, from physics to biology, from propriety to sensibility—in short, a shift from the outer to the inner man. Things had fallen apart and could not be put together by reason. Adam could no longer confidently say that the apple was round, sweet and red, but only that its form was round, its taste sweet and its color red, the qualities of the apple being held together only by the agglutinative power of the imagination which is summoned to help piece together our abortive knowledge.

In order to understand the world Adam now had to turn his eyes inward on himself and relate what he saw there to the ocean of matter without, hoping through this introspective detour to gain some assurance of reality. His starting point was his own body. He began to speak of the mouth of the river, the brow of the hill, the bosom of the sea and the eyelids of the dawn. He transposed his head to the cabbage, his foot to the mountain, his hand to the clock, his face to the world, his arms to the sea, his bowels to the earth, his belly to flasks and fiddles, his neck to bottles and woods, his ears to cups and walls and his tongue to shoes, bells and flames; his nose, rump and spine to the prow, stern and keel of a ship (Hung. *orr, far, gerinc*). His legs gave him *gambol, gambit* and the *viola da gamba* (held between the legs, Ital. *gamba,* leg plus *viol*), his toes *acrobatic* (Gr. *akróbatos,* walking on tiptoe). From his head he took *chapel, cattle, capitalist, precipice* (headlong), *mischief* (brought to a bad head) and *biceps* (Lat. *bi* plus *ceps,* two-headed, a muscle with two origins). The amazing versatility of the hand (Lat. *manus*), "man's external brain," furnished him with *manners* (a mode of *hand*ling), *emancipate* (transfer of ownership from one hand to another), *mastiff* (Lat. *mansuetus,* tame), a smooth-coated dog with drooping ears and pendulous lip, petted by the *hand; maneuver* (a *hand*iwork) and its shortened form *manure,* which is dung spread by *hand.* From his hands man also derived the digits, the dual number and the complicated system of decimals. The hand and its parts are no longer felt, but lie concealed in the underlined words and parts of words of the following sentence: A well *thumb*ed, second-*hand man*ual on *chiro*practics was *adroit*ly *palm*ed off on the *dextrous surgeon's gawky, sinister* but *hand*some *aman*uensis.

As man looked out on the natural world around him, his primitive imagination saw his head in *capes* (Lat. *capo, head*lands), his sides in *coasts* (Lat. *costa,* side), his bosom in gulf (Gr. *kolpos,* bosom; Ger. *Meerbusen*), his elbow in Ancona (Gr. *angkón,* elbow), his knee in Genoa (Lat. *genu,* knee), his mouth in Ports*mouth,* his nose in Lange*ness,* his ear in Helsingör, his eye in *En*geddi and his sleeve in *La Manche.* He saw the human contour in cosmography: England looked to him like an old shoe, Mexico a cornucopia, Long Island a fish, Cuba a stocking, Italy a boot, India an udder, the United States a wisdom tooth, Silesia like the palm of the left hand with the Riesengebirge for thumb; his innocent imagination pictured Europe as a virgin, Germany forming the body, Bohemia the navel, Denmark the thigh, Sweden the knee, Russia the skirt, Portugal the cap, Spain the face, France the bosom, England the left arm and Italy the right holding Sicily like a fan and chasing the fly Malta from the face of Sardinia.

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Primitive man's vocabulary, although imperfectly recorded, must have been replete with body analogies from *highbrow* to *heel.* When he had exhausted these, he reversed the metaphorical process and took back from Nature what he had lent her. Thus he became aware of eardrums, windpipes, arteries, belly (OE *belig,* bellows), bowels (Lat. *botellus,* small sausage), the clavicle (Lat. *clavicula,* a small key that locks the chest), the jugular vein (Lat. *jugum,* yoke, which joins the body to the head), the uvula (diminutive of Lat. *uva,* grape), the thyroid (Gr. *thryeoeides,* shield-shaped), the tonsils (Lat. *tonsillae,* shaped like stakes) and a frog in his throat (Fr. *un chat dans le gosier*). By this method man was able not only to establish physical analogies but to capture the things of the spirit as well. The highest flights of his fancy and his loftiest abstractions had their roots in the sensible impressions of the material things about him. Words had to borrow their wings from sense. In the breath of his body man found *inspiration,* in his eyes *vision,* in his eyebrow *superciliousness* and within him *courage* and *humor.* From the physical act of throwing he derived the abstract notions of *conjecture, subjective, abject* and *symbolic;* from the derisive gesture of wiping his nose he took the verb to *mock.* . . .

MAN then left his body as the source of his analogies and sought his metaphorical fortunes wherever he could find them: he took *milliners* from Milan, *argosy* by metathesis from Ragusa, *currants* from Corinth, *tangerines* from Tangiers, *fustian* from Fostat near Cairo, *scallions* from Ascalon, *calico* from Calcutta, *bronze* from Brundisium in Italy, *poplin* from the papal town of Avignon, *cantaloupe* from the castle of Cantalupo near Rome where it was first grown, and *mayonnaise* from the town of Mahon in Minorca whence it was spread to all the world. These products have roamed far beyond the place of their origin, which is seldom remembered. Arcadia in the Peloponnesus has long since left its original precincts for an ideal state of rural felicity; Hesperides has found an abode in the West; Utopia (Gr. *ou,* no; *topos,* place), which is no place at all, has become a commonplace. A *hallmark* was at first an official mark stamped on gold and silver articles at Goldsmith's Hall in London to attest their purity, but now refers to any mark so used and figuratively to any evidence of genuineness or excellence. Billingsgate was originally the name of a gate in the vicinity of a London fish-market, but was later transferred to the fishwives and their husbands and then to their abusive language and finally to any foul-mouthed person or violent abuse in general.

Man even conceived analogies in terms of family relations: the lion is the father of roaring, the echo is the daughter of the voice, the arrow is the son of the bow, vinegar is the son of wine, a smile is the daughter of a laugh. These genealogical metaphors, known in Arabic as *kunya,* are not uncommon in the Western languages: "soot, brother of the flickering fire" (Aeschylus); "simony, the mother of whores" (Sotovagina); "coughing, stepmother of the chest" (Matthew of Vendôme); "I have said to corruption, Thou art my father: to the worm, Thou art my mother and my sister" (Job); "Safety will be the sturdy child of terror, and survival the twin-brother of annihilation" (Churchill); "Urine, the soft-flowing daughter of Fright" (Coleridge) and common proverbs, as: Necessity is the mother of invention, The wish is father to the thought, Money begets money, and so forth. . . .

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CEDARS OF LEBANON

FROM THE "DIARY OF JUSTINA" II

Jews in Disguise

THE so-called "Diary of Justina," an extract from which appeared in the July COMMENTARY, is the work of Gusta Davidson, one of the leaders of the Jewish underground in Cracow during the German occupation, who was executed with her husband in 1943. She is "Justina," writing of herself in the third person, and her husband, Simon Dranger, is "Marek." First published in Poland in 1946, but put out in Israel in 1953 in a corrected and edited Hebrew edition, the "Diary" has not yet found a publisher for the English version. The original Polish manuscript is now in the possession of the Ghetto Fighters House in Haifa, where the archives of the Polish Jewish underground are collected. The excerpt last month described a dramatic episode in the underground movement. Here "Justina," awaiting "Marek's" return from a mission, abandons narrative to tell in simple terms what life in occupied Poland meant for the freedom fighters—if they were Jews. The two selections, presented here for the first time in English, were translated from the Hebrew by JACOB SLOAN.—ED.

DAYS passed, and Marek did not return. The hours of waiting were dreadful, literally terrifying. Lying in bed, thinking that he should be back by now, Justina for the first time realized how heavy the burden was which they had assumed. True, they weren't the first revolutionaries in history, they weren't the first to take arms in defiance of an old order. . . .

They were young, and it was almost in the nature of things that they should choose the revolutionary path. . . . But they were Jews, too, and there was the thorn in the rose. That was the source of the tragic difficulty of their mission.

One had to go back to the Middle Ages to appreciate the mutilation of personality involved in being kept out of every area of life, isolated from world culture, to understand what it meant to a human being to be imprisoned in a cage and told: "Sit here and wait. We are getting your death ready." Perhaps even the Middle Ages had no idea what it was like to have a noose pressing tighter and tighter against your neck, hanging, but not choking you, till you gradually choked yourself with the full knowledge that the world would never intervene. For where was there ever a legal code as full as this one was of prohibitions, limitations, decrees, enforceable by the death penalty, with no appeal? . . .

For passing outside the ghetto walls—the sentence was death. For appearing in the street without a blue and white armband on your right arm—death. For trying to conceal your Jewish origin—death. Entering a street car, wagon, train, automobile—all punishable by death. There was no need to be a revolutionary—it was enough simply to be what you were, to take one false step, to fall into the trap laid for you—because you were a Jew.

If you stayed in the ghetto it was impossible to do anything except sit with folded hands waiting for deportation and the gas chamber. Anyone who wanted to act had first of all to leave the ghetto—and that was a step which already constituted warfare.

It's so easy to say, "Run away!" But how do you get through a barbed wire fence guarded by police? How, for that matter, do you take one step across the street to the free side? They'd see the armband—and here's a bullet in your head! Stand and remove the essential geegaw—someone is sure to notice, and hand you straight over to the police. Take it off surreptitiously and even

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in the darkest doorway there will always be an eye to observe that you went into the doorway a Jew and came out—what? Yes, what?

For you could remove the armband a thousand times, but you could not jump out of your skin and become someone else. Become, simply, a Jew without an armband. Every unquiet movement, every uncertain step, the slave's stoop, the scared look of the quarry, everything about you—your entire stance, face, eyes, all bear the print of the ghetto, testify that you're a Jew. You are a Jew, simply, not so much because of the color of your eyes, hair, skin, the shape of your nose, et cetera, but because of your insecurity, your lack of dignity, your intonation, language, behavior, and the devil knows what other signs. And you have betrayed your Jewishness ultimately because everyone was looking for it in you; they were all looking for a chance to attack you, they couldn't bear the thought of your escaping death. At every step they'd stare into your eyes, brazenly, suspiciously, provocatively, to unnerve you, send the blood rising to your cheeks, make you lower your eyes. You would have lost—you could not conceal the fact that you were a Jew.

And so, even before you gained the nearby railroad station you had behind you many eye battles, dumb struggles with the enemy hidden in every passerby. Frequently, you had adventures with extortionists that left you with just enough money to take you to the next town. Then, after eventually reaching the station, you came within firing range of the men in uniform. For there were many policemen specially trained to uncover disguised Jews—secret Polish, German, Ukrainian agents. There were also detectives, many of them of your own faith. How much coolness was needed to pass erect through the waiting room, shrugging off confidently the probing looks of secret agents. . . .

Once on the train you were at the mercy of the lowest class of human being. There was no way of escaping their eyes; they had no sense of delicacy, they shot glances like bullets into the most private parts of your heart, smelling the Jew everywhere, eager to hand him over to the police, or, in any case, torment him, blackmail him, threaten him. . . .

At times—through a powerful tensing of muscle—you were able to wipe out your footsteps. But it was impossible to escape the most painful situation—the conversations on the train that froze the blood in your veins. For what did people talk about? About the Jews, of course. "Good for them. They finally got what they deserve. They tried to run away, but, our luck, they got caught. They planned to take their gold with them—it was confiscated in time." Slander, rumors, disgusting lies—and worst of all, the animal joy at the murder of hundreds of thousands of old men, women, and children. They hung around waiting to grab up Jewish property, like hyenas waiting for a man to die. . . . While here, in a corner of the train, sat a human being whose heart was twisted with pain over the loss of those dearest to him. But he dared not show his agitation with the tremor of a muscle—for that would betray him as a Jew. . . .

Anyone who's been through a single experience of that kind and come out alive is entitled to write an epic. If you're not a Jew you can travel anywhere in relative comfort. But if you're a Jew every movement outside the barbed wire fence is an incursion into enemy territory, under cross fire. Here only accident can protect you. Accident, and inner strength—the most desired weapon. That was what the youngsters achieved.

But first you had to purge yourself in a powerful mental crucible. You came out of the inner fire psychologically either refined or debased. The distinction between the two is narrow and slippery; the abyss threatened. It was the easiest thing in the world to succumb to self-disgust. For he who begins by denying himself ends by despising himself. He who imitates others is bound to resemble them in time. He who conceals his true personality degrades it. He who degrades himself outwardly is degraded inwardly.

Who would ever have believed that *they* would sink to the level of concealing their Jewishness—they, who had been proud of it for years and had maintained their dignity in the face of insult? *They*, who had dedicated their carefree youth to Jewishness, in which they saw their personal renascence, the meaning of their lives? How could they deny themselves even for an instant, concealing their origin like cowards?

But this was necessity, compulsion, an ineluctable act, without which they could

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not move a step. So, having suppressed their inner rebellion, the voice that commanded them to fling a cry for battle into the face of the inert masses—they decided to put on a mask. No, there wasn't a thing they wouldn't do to reach their goal. Every means to their end became holy. It did not matter if on the surface they seemed to be denying themselves. That very denial strengthened their essential feeling of self a hundred times—their personalities expanded. As the debasement forced on them from the outside grew, their inner pride in being Jewish increased. Compelled to hide their Jewishness, they delighted in it, resolved to stand by it to their last breath. Never, not for a fleeting instant, did the thought flash across their minds that if they were not Jews they would not be standing on the brink of this abyss. They would not have given up their identification with their people for all the money in the world. They were full of bitterness because they could not make an open fight, as Jews. That was the only thing that could have contented them. They believed their hour would strike, soon; meanwhile, they worked in the underground with that consoling expectation.

COULD anyone ever understand them—this group of madmen who had long been deprived of the right to live, because they were Jews, yet who insisted not merely on living, but on taking arms, as well? Could their fear be understood—the revolutionary's fear of failing before he had accomplished what he had set out to do? Could anyone possibly understand their fear of dying before they had done anything for the cause? Not a man of them feared death; they all feared to fall into the enemy's hands, prematurely, being picked up by the authorities for some inconsequential matter. . . .

Hence, their first efforts were concentrated on the problem of disguising themselves. Characterization, costume, posture—these were their daily concerns. Facial makeup, outward appearance, became matters so serious that every other criterion for judging people became relatively unimportant. Courage could have no decisive meaning if it was not accompanied by the prerequisite of a successful outward appearance. Eventually, they learned to overcome that obstacle. Youth and self-esteem came to their aid. The ghetto was unable to stamp their fresh faces with the mark of slavery. They left the ghetto with heads raised, proudly, striding with an assurance that made others give way for them. No one sensed that they were persons in flight, no one dared to insult them. And yet their personal security hung by a hair. It was enough for one terrible memory, one tragic thought, to hang a cloud of anxiety across their forehead, their eyes to darken—and they betrayed their Jewishness. At such a moment nothing could save you—neither blond hair, nor blue eyes, nor a straight nose. . . .

Nor was there any lack of occasion for such betrayals. How many wonderful girls attracted attention simply because of their beauty! In vain they dyed their hair blonde—their black eyes never lost their native charm. At every street corner, in every street car, danger lurked! Here an old friend, there an extortionist, there a secret agent, an over-observant policeman, a body search—the path to freedom was beset with obstacles that made it as impenetrable as a dense forest.

And then, this was all new to them. Never in their lives had they played any role but themselves; they had always, everywhere, been completely natural. Now, before engaging in the activist operation, they had to wage an inner battle with themselves, where defeat meant death. They had to play their role to the bitter end. How often, even after you had fallen into the hands of the police, you had to deny you were a Jew—and to the last. What strength was needed!

Very often, your nerves couldn't hold out, and at the decisive moment they snapped like a string. In such moments of despair the thought would seize you: "I have lived as a Jew, I will die as one!" The confession rises to your lips; but suddenly, your mind clears and commands you to save yourself, to look for another way out, for the sake of the cause. The nerves tense again, finally under control. But mostly, it's a matter of luck, so it's really hard to talk about a personal victory. . . .

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THE STUDY OF MAN

SOCIAL PROPHETISM IN 19th-CENTURY FRANCE

The Jewish Element in the Saint-Simonian Movement

J. L. TALMON

THE early 19th century witnessed an outcrop of revolutionary movements in which religious motivations mingled with radical tendencies unleashed by the French Revolution and the Industrial Revolution. France was the center of this unrest, and French Socialism became its chief vehicle during the generation which followed the fall of Napoleon and the restoration of the old regime in 1815. Of the competing Socialist schools, that of Henri de Saint-Simon was for a time the most influential; and though its founder died virtually unknown in 1825, his followers played a part in the revolutionary upheaval of 1830, before declining through splits and dissensions into yet another quasi-religious sect. Some aspects of this movement, with special reference to the part played in it by Jewish intellectuals, are here analyzed by J. L. TALMON, professor of modern history in the Hebrew University of Jerusalem and author of *The Origins of Totalitarian Democracy*. It is Professor Talmon's thesis that the Messianic strain in traditional Jewish thinking accounts for the prominence of recently emancipated Jews among the Saint-Simonists, whose doctrine had a religious as well as a political character. The following is a condensation of a chapter from his forthcoming work entitled *The High Tide of Political Messianism*. Professor Talmon's essay "Uniqueness and Universality of Jewish History" appeared in our July 1957 issue.

"FOR the last twelve days, my friends, I have been preoccupied with the arrangements best capable of making our enterprise succeed; for the last three hours I have tried, in spite of my sufferings, to give you a résumé of my thoughts. You are coming into an age when properly combined efforts will obtain immeasurable results. . . . The last part of my labors will not be immediately understood. People have thought that the whole religious system would disappear, because they have succeeded in showing the decadence of the Catholic system. They are mistaken: religion cannot disappear from the face of the earth; it can only be transformed. . . . Rodrigues, remember, in order to accomplish great things, one must be passionate. . . . My whole life can be summed up in one single sentence: secure to all men the freest development of their faculties."*

These were among the last words spoken by Henri de Saint-Simon, the founder of French Socialism, to the small number of disciples assembled around his deathbed in 1825. Few persons marched in the funeral procession to the Père Lachaise cemetery. There were the two most eminent disciples of the philosopher, who had also served as his secretaries: the great historian Augustin Thierry, and Auguste Comte, later to become known as the founder of sociology. Others who had remained faithful to the end included Olinde Rodrigues, Dr. Bailly, and Léon Halévy. When the funeral was over, Rodrigues assembled the faithful at his home. The Saint-Simonian movement was launched at that meeting. Its members felt themselves to be an apostolic community, in-

Oeuvres complètes de Saint-Simon et d'Enfantin (Paris, 1865-78), Vol. I, p. 121.

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deed a replica of that small confraternity in Jerusalem some eighteen hundred years before, with a similar mission before them: "The universe in all its fullness [tout entier] has been given for a second time to men" by Saint-Simon, just as it had been presented for the first time by Jesus Christ. "The world has been waiting for a savior. . . . Saint-Simon appeared. . . . In future, Moses will be the chief of the cult, Jesus Christ the chief of dogma, Saint-Simon the chief of religion, the Pope."*

Who were the men who saw themselves called upon to revolutionize the whole world, and what were the elements which combined to make up this strangest and yet spiritually most fertile movement of the 19th century, which for all its freakish features was destined to leave an impact on Carlyle and Mazzini, Heine and Alfred de Vigny, Georges Sand and Michelet, Berlioz and Liszt, not to mention Marx and Engels?

To begin with, it was a movement of very young people. There was no one above the age of thirty-five when the school was constituted in 1825. The oldest, Bazard, was then thirty-four; Enfantin, the rival leader, was only twenty-nine, and Rodrigues had just reached the age of thirty-one. Secondly, they were all intellectuals of middle-class origin. There were no aristocrats and hardly any workers among them. Already the contemporaries were struck by the high proportion of former students of the Ecole Polytechnique. Besides engineers and mathematicians, the group comprised some able economists, doctors, lawyers, teachers at higher institutions of learning, and a fair number of litterateurs and publicists, plus a scattering of minor poets, artists, and musicians.

D'Eichthal—as we shall see, a highly representative member of the movement—supplies a revealing piece of information when he remarks that there was hardly a person in the Saint-Simonist school who was not driven by some "family chagrin." Thus Bazard had had a sombre youth because of his illegitimate birth. Enfantin, the son of a bankrupt, himself unsuccessfully took to commerce during some years in Germany and Russia. Olinde Rodrigues came from a family of Jewish financiers, and although a brilliant mathematician, with some scientific discoveries to his credit, was barred as a Jew from the Ecole Normale Supérieure. Instead he went on the stock exchange and accumulated a fortune.

Quite a few of the Saint-Simonists had played some part in political life before coming to Saint-Simonism. Bazard presided over a Free Masons' congress in 1821, and in the same year organized a political plot. Buchez, later to become the founder of Christian Socialism, and president of the National Assembly in 1848, began as an active Carbonari. Cerclet, who soon seceded, had been closely connected with the Nestor of conspiracy, Buonarotti, in Geneva. Later he became editor of the influential *National,* and eventually secretary to the Chamber of Deputies.

Bazard seems to have been speaking for all of them, when he explained the reasons which made him abandon conspiratorial activity in the revolutionary underground and join the Saint-Simonist movement instead. He had begun to feel that plotting was sterile and that the vaguely outlined political ideal of the revolutionary movement under the Restoration government was of too thin a texture. It had no real scientific foundation and failed to give an answer to many human longings. The Saint-Simonian doctrine, he felt, fulfilled all these conditions.

THE Saint-Simonists made their first public appearance as a school in a journal characteristically entitled *Producteur—Journal philosophique de l'Industrie, des Sciences et des Beaux-Arts;* it carried as a device Saint-Simon's prophecy of the advent of a golden age of science and progress. The early contributors included men who could hardly be called Saint-Simonists, such as Adolphe Blanqui, the economist and brother of the famous revolutionary; Armand Carrel, the Republican leader; Adolphe Garnier, and others; which again shows how much coming and going there was among the various opposition groups at that period. It was, surprisingly enough, Carrel, a saint of orthodox Republicanism, who replied to the attacks of Liberals like Stendhal and Benjamin Constant on the authoritarianism of the Saint-Simonist "priests of Memphis and Thebes."

The *Producteur* came to grief by the end of 1826, after having served as a platform for vigorous ideas expressed in a defiant manner. The demise of the journal was, however, followed by a period of quiet expansion of the movement, lasting for some two years. Personal contacts, correspondence, missionary zeal, and

Doctrine de Saint-Simon (Paris, 1924), p. 116; L. Reybaud, *Etudes sur les reformateurs ou socialistes modernes* (Paris, 1856), p. 107-8.

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the invisible flow of ideas won over some young men of high ability: Michel Chevalier, a brilliant polytechnician, economist, and publicist who was destined to become a professor at the Collège de France and an important figure under the Second Empire; Henri Fournel, a high priest of technology who gave up the management of the great Creusot steel works to join the inner circle of the school; Jules Lechevalier, an ardent student of Hegel whom he had known during his stay in Germany; the son of the great Carnot, France's "organizer of victory" during the Revolutionary War of 1793-95; the brothers Émile and Isaac Pereira, two cousins of Rodrigues who, like the latter, became in due course captains of industry, banking, and railway construction; and Gustave d'Eichthal, another Jew, though baptized in early childhood, and a close disciple and friend of Comte; the polytechnicians Cazeaux, Edmond Talabot, Abel Transon, Charles Lambert —all men of ability; Hoart, an artillery officer who gave up his commission in order to devote himself to the Saint-Simonist crusade for universal peace; as well as visionaries, orators, and mystics like the poet Charles Duveyrier and the preachers Barrault and Charton.

The years 1828-29 were years of intense proselytizing activity by way of public lectures under the general title of "Exposition de la Doctrine de Saint-Simon," later edited in book form. They constitute by far the most comprehensive formulation of the ideas of the school before it became dominated by religious preoccupations. Emissaries were dispatched from the Paris center, and souls were won and brotherhoods set up in all parts of France, as well as in Belgium, England, and Germany. The missionaries' style of preaching was revivalist, yet distinguished by close reasoning and scientific terms of reference. The age was attuned to this synthesis of dialectics and emotionalism. There was in France a thirst for ideas after the years of intellectual barrenness under Napoleon. The spread of romanticism made people intensely receptive and impressionable. Under a regime of constitutional liberties, but with a very restricted franchise, intellectual debate became a substitute for genuine political action.

We learn something of the response of audiences to Saint-Simonist preaching from a description given by a brother of the famous Catholic leader Lacordaire. His account is paralleled by other reports:

"The hall was full to overflowing, and the speaker was listened to attentively. And yet these people were Catholics, Liberals, Republicans, who witnessed Catholicism, Liberalism, Republicanism being torn to pieces. Seeing the enthusiasm, the lively sympathy elicited from the audience, and which I myself felt with an emotion hitherto unknown to me as the speaker's words conveyed more and more evidence of his profound conviction, I realized that all this was not artificial and that a doctrine which could engender such unexpected sentiments among the audience, and so much devotion in the heart of that young man of twenty-five [Lechevalier], standing alone before a huge crowd, that such a doctrine, I say, was perhaps not merely a philosophical system . . . but one that could contain the destinies of mankind."*

THE school had by now come into possession of two journals, the weekly *Organisateur,* subtitled *Journal des progrès de la science générale,* which soon began to identify itself as the "Journal de la doctrine de Saint-Simon"; and the *Globe,* originally a liberal daily which was taken over by the Saint-Simonists in 1830 and edited by Pierre Leroux, who was soon to develop his own brand of Romantic socialism. The *Globe* started with 2,500 copies and 1,300 subscribers. At the end it printed 4,200 copies, but had only 500 subscribers. Most copies were distributed gratis. The paper ceased to appear on April 20, 1832.

Rodrigues, Fournel, Holstein, and Mme. Bazard were concerned with the training of "apostles" to the workers, and Paris was for that purpose divided into twelve districts. It was planned to combine missionary activity with the organization of cooperative workshops and medical services. Three hundred and thirty faithful were organized, including one hundred and ten women. Two workshops were set up, to form "the cadres of that great pacific army of workers with such high destinies before it." The Saint-Simonists also carried on a special propaganda for the working classes, mainly handbills which were distributed free on Sundays.

Starting as a coterie of like-minded people with a missionary zeal to spread their ideas, the Saint-Simonists gradually transformed themselves into a rigidly organized sect with a ritual, a hierarchy, and a discipline. A number

Oeuvres, vol. III, pp. 169-171 note.

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of them went to live together at the rue Monsigny, and their house became the headquarters of the movement. The leading members would meet regularly three or four times a week at the house of Mme. Bazard. These reunions were not mere committee meetings, but the coming together of an apostolic community to break bread, accompanied by the chanting of songs and benedictions, and often culminating in ecstasy. A special ceremonial and elaborate rites were gradually worked out for all kinds of occasions, such as initiation, marriage, burial, etc., etc. We read in a description of one of the "apostolic" reunions: "It is impossible to imagine the charm there was for us in listening to people who were on the threshold of conversion, or in hearing the extravagant things said about us. In that atmosphere of self-dedication, a fervor of the soul would not cease to intoxicate me. I loved all those who surrounded me, and they loved me. Oh! May God attach a similar illusion to all the years that are still left to me!"*

It was in this exalted atmosphere that the earliest apostle, Olinde Rodrigues, on Christmas day 1829, solemnly nominated Bazard and Enfantin as the two *Pères,* or Fathers, of the school.

II *The Jewish Element*

IF THERE is reason to attach special significance to the fact that Karl Marx was of Jewish origin, and that Jews have played a prominent part in modern revolutionary movements, the quest for an explanation should really start with the generation before Marx, namely with the Saint-Simonist school. For while political messianism is a major feature of the modern era in general, its special Jewish ingredient is not an accidental matter. The high tide of political messianism begins with Saint-Simon, himself an aristocrat and, at least nominally, a Catholic. We have already noted the names of individual Jews participating in the movement: Olinde Rodrigues and his younger brother Eugène; their cousins, the brothers Émile and Isaac Pereira; Gustave d'Eichthal; and there were others: the poet Léon Halévy (of the family of the composer); Holstein; the musician Félicien David; Moise Retouret. Their presence did not go unnoted by contemporaries. Indeed, much of the violent anti-Semitism of Fourier and his disciples may be ascribed to the bitter rivalry between the two socialist schools. At the opposite pole, a poetic drama by the Polish Catholic poet Zygmunt Krasinski —significantly called *The Godless Comedy* (*Nieboska Komedja*) and composed in the 1830's—depicts Saint-Simonism as a Judaic plot to subvert Christian civilization and plunge the European nations into an abyss of social anarchy and moral debauchery—all from an implacable hatred of Christianity.

By the middle of the 19th century, long after the formal dissolution of the school, people on the Paris stock exchange would tell each other jokes about a Christian businessman who on being told that to insure the success of his new scheme he would need a Jewish partner, promptly replied that he already had two Saint-Simonists with him. The phenomenal success of Rodrigues and the Pereira brothers in business, their leading role in vital branches of the French economy, coupled with their socialist and universalist ideas, was indeed calculated to suggest the pattern of an anti-Semitic myth which was destined to be revived with such frightful results in the second quarter of the 20th century: the myth that capitalism and socialism were both "Judaic" institutions controlled by a sinister cosmopolitan force, alien and hostile to national tradition, and acting everywhere as a poisonous factor of distintegration.

There is evidence to show that the Saint-Simonists were not unaware of the presence in their midst of a Jewish element which amounted to more than the accidental fact that a few of their members happened to be of Jewish extraction. Saint-Simon himself had commented on the messianic vision of "the people of God, that people which received revelations before the coming of Christ, that people which is the most universally spread over the surface of the earth, and which has always perceived that the doctrine established by the Fathers of the Church was incomplete." Saint-Simon fully identified his own vision of the ultimate scheme of things with the "Kingdom of the Messiah, an epoch when religious doctrine shall be presented in all the generality of which it is susceptible; it will regulate alike the activity of the temporal and of the spiritual power; and then the entire human race will have but one religion and one organization." This emphatic association of ideas must have come to Saint-Simon from his close contacts, in the last years

*Sébastien Charléty, *Histoire du Saint-Simonisme* (Paris, 1931), p. 73.

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of his life, with a type of recently emancipated Jew who was at pains to bring into relief the universalist nature of Hebrew prophecy and messianic expectation, and to eliminate the nationalist overtones contained in the vision of a miraculous return to Zion and Judah's triumph over its oppressors. This supposition seems to be confirmed by Olinde Rodrigues, in his preface to the 1832 edition of Saint-Simon's works, after his break with Enfantin following the latter's pronouncements which introduced an element of feminist mysticism into the doctrine:

"The crisis of destruction has come to an end in you, Enfantin, the crisis of reorganization in politics and morality commences with me, through Saint-Simon, whose heir I am by virtue of function. . . . From the day when Saint-Simon met the man who . . . understood the sciences, was sensitive to the fine arts and practiced industry; the man who carried in him by blood the tradition of Moses, by disinterestedness that of Christ; from the day when that man, who . . . had learned from contact with industrialists and scientists the secret of their force and the weakness of their morality; from the day when that man, burning to his innermost with the living flame of Saint-Simon, felt himself penetrated by a new life, and recognized in Saint-Simon . . . a new father; from that day was born the association of the universal family; from that day there became possible the reunion of Jews and Christians in the bosom of a new Christianity, a universal religion."*

Replying to Rodrigues in defense of Enfantin, d'Eichthal (himself of Jewish birth) wrote: "It is incumbent upon me, a Jew like you, who inherits from his race the language of the prophets, the word of truth, to correct your error."†

THE man who decisively influenced the religious evolution of Saint-Simonism was Olinde Rodrigues' younger brother, Eugène, who died at the age of twenty-three, consumed by a fervor which his ailing body could not contain. He had translated Lessing's "Letters on the Enlightenment of Humanity" into French, and prefaced them with a lengthy statement in which he pleaded in exalted language for a religion of mankind which would synthesize the best contained in all existing religions and turn the progressive endeavor of mankind into an act of religious self-expression. The cry that humanity has a religious future comes from him. Eugène was a dedicated soul, and he parted from the girl he loved with all the tenderness and passion of a young Romantic, in order to devote himself to the cause of humanity.

If Eugène was John the Baptist to Enfantin, Olinde Rodrigues played the part of St. Paul: after Saint-Simon's death he in fact set the movement going. Although all the disciples who possessed any means generously put whatever they could at the disposal of the fraternity, Rodrigues' contribution was the most substantial. He was also responsible for the financial side of the missionary work. Many years later, under Napoleon III, he devoted time, effort, and expense to publishing the collected writings of Saint-Simon and his disciples, as well as anything that had any documentary value on the history of the sect. In view of the hopeless verbosity and repetitiveness of Saint-Simonist literature, Rodrigues can hardly be said to have earned the gratitude of posterity, but his zeal is impressive.

Saint-Simonists of Christian extraction on occasion sought to express their respect (and possibly a sense of indebtedness to Judaism) by sending a small delegation in Saint-Simonist robes to attend the Day of Atonement service at the Paris central synagogue. Some of the more exalted members of the sect fervently prophesied that the woman Messiah, "the Mother," for whose coming they were waiting, would be a Jewess from the Orient—Jerusalem, Constantinople, or Egypt—where in due course they went to find her (and to revive the Orient by constructive works at the same time).

What was it that attracted Jews to Saint-Simonism, and was there a specific Jewish ingredient in the movement?

There is something in the Jewish tradition which refuses to take history, as the flow of time, for granted. History must be heading toward a certain conclusion of a messianic nature. This disposition is partly due to Judaic teachings on history as the story of election, sin, atonement, and redemption at the end of days, partly to the status of the Jews as a dispersed minority. A non-conforming minority, persecuted by the world or at least being questioned by it (and questioning itself) on the meaning and purpose of its separateness, must either

Globe, Jan. 16, 1832.
†*Oeuvres*, vol. VI, p. 53.

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assert a superior missionary destiny, or regard its position as essentially provisional and its life as a kind of preparation for some apocalyptic denouement. Hence the heavily charged atmosphere in which a century later the Jews of Eastern Europe, caught between the messianic fires of Zionist redemption and Communist world revolution, lived in the period between the two world wars, before they were engulfed by the abyss of night eternal.

Saint-Simonism presented the life purpose of society as being not simply life as it is and always has been, but as participation in a march toward a universal goal. The universalism of the ideology had a particular attraction for Jews, who could neither identify themselves with, nor be accepted as integrally belonging to the French tradition, so strongly imbued with Catholicism. Most of them had too much self-respect to take the easy way out of baptism and apostasy. The Saint-Simonist "religion of humanity," superseding all previous religions and expressing what seemed to be the essence of Jewish messianism, appeared to them as a creed which offered salvation also to the special ailments of the Jew in a hostile world. Furthermore, the ideology of scientific industrialism glorified virtues and achievements in which Jews could and did excel, and by promising reward according to personal desert, rendered any question of race and birth irrelevant. For according to Saint-Simon, bankers, industrialists, technicians, and scientists were destined to be the saviors of mankind.

The youthful Jewish followers of Saint-Simon belonged to the type of recently emancipated Jew who, under the impact of rationalism, had shed the Jewish religious heritage to which generations of his ancestors dedicated themselves. The accumulated spiritual fervor was, as it were, suddenly left without an object. In such a situation some people embrace idealism, while others are driven to ruthless and shameless self-assertion. Those who chose the path of spiritual sublimation were predisposed, by the age-long Jewish tradition of solidarity and imaginative compassion with the sufferings of others, to find a kindred disposition in socialism. For Saint-Simonism proclaimed a religion of love. It extended a welcome to the lonely, the injured, the rejected, and those poised between different worlds. It is enough to read the utterances of d'Eichthal, who had been baptized in early childhood, to grasp the operation of this magic.

III Freedom and Integration

To the Saint-Simonists, the ideal aim was not freedom, but liberation, in the sense of complete self-fulfillment. On the social level this was to be brought about by purposive integration, i.e., by division of labor in a fully planned society. They attached supreme importance to the liberating, revitalizing sense of solidarity which Saint-Simon sought in the living experience of Oneness. History—the sense of its unity and of its messianic purposefulness through apparent incoherence and futility—was to them a life-giving force, for they thought they had discovered that history was moving irresistibly toward a preordained messianic goal: an age which would combine the fullest release of individual potentialities with perfect social harmony.

To the Saint-Simonists, even more than to the founder of the school, the existence of the poor was therefore a standing reproach. In the face of their misery, the assertion of the Oneness of Being sounded hollow. The new enthusiasm encountered as its first obstacle the misery of the most numerous class. It could not take flight without lifting those who dwelt in darkness into brotherly communion. Yet, like their master, the Saint-Simonists insisted that the traditional Jacobin-Babouvist type of equalitarianism, first proclaimed during the French Revolution, was an impediment to progress. Abilities and talents were not equally distributed, hence the imposition of a dead level would stultify the self-expression of the more gifted, i.e., violate their freedom. The division of labor, that great instrument of progress, was based precisely on the classification of men in accordance with their varying abilities. At the same time, privileges of birth or inherited wealth constituted a denial of the sacred principle that everyone should be placed according to his capacity and compensated according to his works.

The sanctity of inherited property had resulted in placing the instruments of production in the hands of people incompetent to use them, and in consequence deprived talented people of means of self-expression. Hence it was necessary to reorganize the distribution of property so as to insure that the instruments of production would be in the right hands and that over-all social-economic planning be possible. This meant social ownership and collective control, not only for the sake of planning,

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but in order to do away with the "heredity of misery," which was the accompaniment of the "monopoly of wealth" historically based on the right of conquest.

In one respect at least the Saint-Simonists were highly optimistic, where Marx a generation later was most pessimistic. Not only did they not believe in the progressive pauperization of the masses under capitalism—they maintained that history had witnessed a progressive transfer of the means of production from a minority of idlers to a majority of toilers. The Jews and the Lombards are praised by the Saint-Simonists for their highly constructive role in medieval and later times: by lending money to the feudal lords on interest, they gradually squeezed out all the utilizable resources from the nobility and placed them at the disposal of industry. They thereby created the conditions for the transfer of power from the "sterile" to the "productive" classes. According to the school, the bankers were destined to play a similar part in modern capitalist laissez-faire society, since they were in a position to regulate and control production. Gradually they would tend to become planners of the national economy, consciously or unconsciously acting on behalf of the future national planning board. Furthermore, the stock exchange was calculated to spread ownership rather than to restrict it among a few, while rising taxation and death duties were making deep inroads into large inherited fortunes.

To Saint-Simon, the primary social fact was the cleavage between idlers and producers. The former included nobles, officials, soldiers, priests, lawyers, rentiers—in short, all who had no share in the process of changing matter into something usable. The latter embraced property owners, capitalists, scientists, artists, workers—all groups contributing to the productive effort. The rise of the middle classes was interpreted as a sustained effort on the part of the producers to deprive the feudal lords of their power, and mobilize their resources for the common good. Yet in Saint-Simonist literature the distinction between the non-productive bourgeoisie and the proletariat is already pushed very far. The reality of class conflict is sharply underlined. Characteristically, "liberal" and "bourgeois" are treated as synonymous terms. Liberalism appears as a rationalization of middle-class interest. The bourgeoisie has arrived and has constituted a new class system—this is the theme adumbrated by Saint-Simon, and greatly elaborated by his disciples.

"The bourgeois class has arrived. It would be an error to believe that the central fact of the Restoration [of 1815, after the fall of Napoleon] was the reappearance of the Jesuits and the old nobility; its fundamental character is the triumph of the bourgeoisie. We now have the proof [written after the "bourgeois revolution" of 1830] for in the July [1830] days the bourgeoisie alone remained erect. It has invaded everything: the legislature, the judiciary, and the military power, the elections, the jury, and the National Guard. . . . The bourgeois is on the forum, in the corps-de-garde; he legislates, he sits in judgment, and above all, he grows mustaches. . . . Now the bourgeois as such produces nothing, teaches nothing, and has no other care but himself. It is not he who moves and animates the people, he does not enlighten them nor enrich them; it is not he who directs them in their labors, of which he is ignorant. . . . An idle class in the midst of a working society. And if the existence of such a phenomenon is hard to comprehend, its survival is still less conceivable."*

Having replaced the feudal nobility, and now living like the feudal lords on the toil of others by collecting tithes and rent from the producers, the bourgeoisie has adopted a suitable ideology. Its contented members are against any violent change—why should they want things changed? The rumblings from below are to be met with electoral chicanery, or suppressed with bayonets. They naturally oppose any collective action by the state in the direction of social reform, since they wish to be left to do what they like. They decry any governmental action as tyranny leading to despotism. Their liberty is only concerned with negative and preventive checks and balances.

Similarly, the liberal-bourgeois theory of economics—stressing the automatic mechanism of supply and demand, and the harmony of interests flowing from perfect competition—is an expression of class interest, where it is not an obsolete doctrine inspired by conditions which no longer exist. The liberal obsession with competition was once a natural response to the spectacle of a disintegrating feudalism. Having landlords at the back of their minds, these economists were anxious to defend the con-

Extraits du Globe (Paris, 1832), p. 98.

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sumer from monopolistic exploitation. They could not see that the idle consumer, who is at the same time a property owner, may impose a tithe on the producers in the form of rent, interest, and profits of all kinds. The capitalist-liberal theory of wages is equally fallacious, for it is just not true that the employer and the worker are equal partners in a freely concluded contract. "It is enough to cast a glance at what is going on around us to realize that the worker . . . is exploited materially, intellectually and morally, as was the slave in the past."*

IV *Dogma and Experience*

YET the redemption of the "most numerous and poorest class" was to be achieved not by an uprising of the downtrodden, but through the enthronement of the principle of common humanity, i.e., through the triumph of the idea of Oneness. This, in turn, presupposed a clear and trenchant intellectual formula, in other words a dogma. It was the aim of every science to reduce all particular facts to one single principle, one all-embracing conception. So prominent a member of the school as Auguste Comte was at pains to show that "dogmatism is the normal state of human intelligence, the state to which it strives by its nature, continuously, in all ways, even when it seems to depart from it furthest."† Every action presupposes some explicit or implicit principle, some over-all view of social relationships. There are no wholly spontaneous acts. Only the vitality of a deeply rooted dogma makes spontaneous action possible. For it implies "the disposition to believe spontaneously without prior demonstration" as well as the ability to act with complete self-assurance.

This conception of the role of dogma is strongly reminiscent of the views of Burke and the ultramontane Right. There is, however, a fundamental difference. To the conservative, dogma was embedded in tradition: partly in history, partly in the religious canon. It implied unreflecting and almost instinctive habit. To the Saint-Simonists, dogma was at first a strictly conceptual term and had a dynamic quality. It connoted a scientific theory, not a texture of habits, prejudices, and reflexes. This had far-reaching implications.

The intellectual character of the Saint-Simonist doctrine renders it inevitable that only a very small number—those who devote their lives to the investigation of the social sciences—will be able to analyze the future scientifically. They will constitute the "competent authority." As for the masses, most of them will have to dispense with demonstration and proof, and accept the new doctrine, like those of the past, "in one way or another." This does not really matter, for reason is not a sufficient motive to make people act. Other faculties have to be present in man besides reason: above all, his powers of love and sympathy with the general good.

This thought gives a very sharp and decisive turn to the whole doctrine of the Saint-Simonist school. It envisages the total man: not the reasoning creature alone, but man as he is, with his sentiments, passions, and impulses. "Man is one." The division into faculties is an arbitrary abstraction. Man acts as a whole, not in any partial capacity. Experience is heightened feeling. As an act of affirmation, feeling is faith. Real scientific discovery and advance is not effected by laboriously putting two and two together. It is preceded by flashes of intuition, which some call revelation and others inspiration. Their source is intense, heightened experience. Some have more of it and others less. Those who have it in the highest degree are called geniuses. Now what is true of scientific endeavor should be no less true of our relationship to the totality of existence, the life of society and the universe. The conception of the unity of history, the meaning of progress which we have been straining so hard to fathom, must be experienced intensely to uncover their mystery and to yield the life-giving power.

This type of experience has been called religion. When one profound impulse is stirred, all others are set in motion. The link between our sentiments is not mere philanthropy, which affects only relations between persons. It is of a higher order, for it propels our experience beyond human beings, into cosmic infinity, evoking religious tremor and a yearning for the absolute.

"The religion of the future will be greater and more powerful than all the religions of the past . . . the synthesis of all the conceptions of mankind, and more still, of all its ways of existence. . . . It will not merely dominate the political order, but will become a religious institution; for no fact shall be conceived outside

Doctrine, pp. 239-40.
†*Ibid.*, p. 450 note.

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God or develop outside His law . . . to it industry, the scholar, and the artist will refer all their actions, all their ideas . . . it alone presents the world and humanity, not as an obscure chaos, but as the execution of a plan. . . . It will embrace the whole world, because the law of God is universal."*

V *The Prophet-Leader*

THE question of leadership must be viewed in this context. If the reign of dogma requires an intellectual elite to expound it (indeed to impose it on the unenlightened), then a living faith needs priests, or rather prophets of special emotional depth. Now the Saint-Simonist school holds that at all times leadership has fallen into the hands of men "who spoke to the heart."† The genuine leader is one who experiences the unity of the universe, as well as the reality of discord, more intensely than others. His affirming and loving faith gives him exceptional, indeed supernatural, power to impart his experience to others. The Leader is above all, however, a seer, a prophet. His experience of universal unity is so heightened that he is able to obtain prophetic intimations into the meaning of the age and the shape of things to come.

If the mark of true and legitimate leadership is divine inspiration, then clearly it cannot be a matter of popular election. Surely the future leader, a privileged being who hears the voice of God and "beholds the majesty of the Most High," will not wait for an assembly to clothe him with the purple. Genius will reveal itself. Authority imposes itself. It does not argue or teach. It compels.

Life is dynamic, and leadership must be dynamic. Now it was the error of the past to expect abstract, codified law to embrace concrete, individual situations. This outlook envisaged standardized realities, stereotyped cases, forgetting that life consists precisely in exceptions, deviations, differences. Written law, so much vaunted by metaphysicians and logicians, is nothing but a "sterile abstraction," a dead weight, an impediment to the endless variety of life and an obstacle to the dynamic creative response to it. Furthermore, written law has been revealed by some superior mind at some past date. Why assume that it was revealed for all time? After all, mankind is progressing all the time, and unexpected situations crop up daily. Why should there not be a progressive revelation, a living law ("loi vivante")? The true leader is this living law. Moses, Jesus, Saint-Simon were three "living laws."§ The different character of the authority exercised by them resulted from their different missions, but they all represented the same individual, social, and religious principle of authority. The successors of Moses and Jesus had legitimate authority as long as humanity needed the Jewish or the Christian revelation. "That of Saint-Simon is definitive, for it is the revelation of progress."

Enfantin, who makes these observations, pours scorn on those who claim that the leader-legislator is the creature of the law. His intuitive grasp of the situation, and his response to it, *is* the law. For the leader is an artist, endowed with "that truly creative primordial faculty." He lays down the law for every contingency as it arises. He creates, he does not interpret. Hence artists should be the future leaders of society. Their mission will be to sweep the masses on toward the realization of their future destiny.

True, in the past, leaders were almost always the enemies of those they led, consulting their own selfish interests and amassing property and power to pass it on to their descendants. But since in future there will be no inheritance of property and privilege, leader-administrators will behave towards their subordinates like captains to their crew, or officers to their troops. Direction is not arbitrary despotism. People "joyously surrender themselves" to authority when marching under the aegis of men they love and venerate, in a society where "every person, from birth to death, finds a friendly and all-powerful hand which comes to sustain his first steps, helps him find the career he should pursue, gives him the strength he needs to march on, puts him at last in the place marked out for him by God . . . guides him, assists him all the time."

In the past liberals rightly fought for publicity as a means of control and guarantee against arbitrary despotism. Under the future system, where "the interest of the greatest number is the basis of all social actions," publicity will have an educational significance, "by which the love of the leaders will ceaselessly solicit the affection and zeal of their subordinates."

**Doctrine,* pp. 452-53.
†*Oeuvres,* vol. II, pp. 99-100.
§*Oeuvres,* vol. XIV, pp. 84-85.

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Verdicts pronounced by organs of social justice will carry real joy or sorrow into the hearts of all. They will recover the qualities of canonization and excommunication by ecclesiastical authority. Where the individual is left to his own resources, selfishness must be the result. This is one of the reasons why Enfantin insists on the importance of confession, especially public confession, to the leader-priest. It is also essential for the priest to feel all hearts opening themselves unto him, for it enhances his power and sense of authority, and thus heightens his life-giving faculties.

Is this a heavy yoke, a new despotism? "Blessed be the yoke imposed by the conviction which satisfies all sentiments; blessed be the power which drives men on to progress . . . fructifies all the sources of public prosperity." There is no middle way between centralization and anarchy. "All are free, because they advance with love towards the same destiny."

VI The Call to Action

THE Saint-Simonist school regarded it as its mission to convert mankind and to bring about its regeneration. What were they to do, apart from teaching, preaching, converting, and waiting, till the fruit was ripe? What attitude should they take to immediate issues in the life of the country, and to the contending forces in the political arena?

The Saint-Simonists considered themselves above parties and factions. It was indeed their aspiration to do away with all political parties. They would not renounce their salvationist mission by becoming one more party. They considered the representative system a sterile sham and fraud. Secret conspiracy and military violence were likewise condemned: the aim was peaceful reconstruction and reorganization of the totality of human existence. Equally, there was little point in such limited practical measures as organizing cooperatives or espousing particular causes, for all issues were interdependent and none could really be solved in isolation. There was only one all-embracing solution, and it could come only from a complete spiritual rebirth. Once this had happened, everything else would follow suit.

The Saint-Simonist interpretation of the revolutionary events of 1830 is revealing from the doctrinal point of view, as well as for the light it sheds on the inner strains and stresses of the movement in the face of a clear challenge to action.

On August 4, 1830 (following several days of street fighting, barricades, and the abdication of the last Bourbon king, Charles X) the left-wing followers of Lafayette met at the Hotel de Ville, since the Great Revolution the traditional rallying point of popular democracy. Saint-Simonists such as Carnot, Laurent, Michel Chevalier and others sat beside Republican leaders like Godefroy Cavaignac, Arnaud Marrast, Charles Teste, Jules Bastide. (Carnot indeed was a member of the delegation which went to see the Duke of Orleans, the future King Louis Philippe, to offer him the crown.)

At the outbreak of the revolution, the Saint-Simonist leaders had felt that they should keep clear of the turmoil. Mere rioting and destruction was an impious act from the Saint-Simonist point of view. All the same, there was an intense urge to go out and mix with the crowds, the troops, the leaders—old comrades in the fight for liberal ideas; to discover whether there could be found leaders who would resolutely prevent the return of the old order, even in a modified form, and who were animated by some conception of aims and rights going beyond the liberal clichés and the old revolutionary ideas. The Saint-Simonists would then have tried to calm or guide those aspirations, hoped for vaguely by some, dreaded by others. This was the background of their approach to Lafayette.

In the circumstances—since the Doctrine and its prophets were still little known to the masses—it was felt that for the time being a short-cut was needed. The program of dictatorship submitted to Lafayette was intended to do away with the Chamber elected under the old dispensation, and to make the existing parties ineffective. The Dictator would call together Primary Assemblies after a fair interval, and during that interval the Saint-Simonist school would do everything possible to saturate the masses with their doctrine. But—exclaims Bazard—the General was totally deaf on that ear, while in his entourage they found no one capable of understanding and leading the masses. Elsewhere there were men admirably fitted to carry out a coup, but incapable of realizing a social revolution. And so the conclusion was that the people had no leaders. No heads "ambitious for the people"* could be seen above the "dead level of equality." "The bourgeois could still sleep in peace . . . The

*Oeuvres, vol. II, pp. 207-208.

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representative machine was going to resume its grinding for some time still." The hour had not yet struck for the disciples of Saint-Simon. They beat a retreat.

The failure to meet the 1830 challenge engendered a deep malaise in the Saint-Simonist ranks. It strengthened the tendency toward pantheism and chiliasm, in which the individual, with his free will and concrete responsibility, was absorbed completely by superior forces. Owing to the prevailing Romantic predispositions, and to the fact that the whole development of Saint-Simonism had taken place within the sphere of an intellectual and emotional dialectic gone wild—without any contact with real situations and definite tasks—a school which originally started with a defiantly positivist message succumbed completely to the most extravagant irrationalism, albeit buttressed by a vigorously consistent logic of a kind. We are faced here with what one may call the Romantic version of totalitarianism.

In disavowing any claim to leadership (in spite of his being the only direct disciple of the Master) and in laying his hands on Bazard and Enfantin as more deserving to lead, Olinde Rodrigues had wished to demonstrate the living truth of Saint-Simon's philosophy: everyone takes the place assigned to him by virtue of his abilities and the requirements of the collective endeavor. Rodrigues claimed that he had "never felt greater in Saint-Simon than that day, when he succeeded in raising greater men above himself."*

A duumvirate was hardly a way of insuring monolithic thinking and action, on the basis of a sole and exclusive dogma. There were fundamental differences in temperament and approach between the two "Fathers." Bazard had a clear mind and was a man of great integrity who would not be carried away by emotional self-deception. Whereas Enfantin, though a highly trained polytechnician and economist, represented a unique mixture of natural gaiety, exceptional physical magnetism that irresistibly attracted weaker natures in need of affection, and an almost megalomaniacal belief in himself and his mission, which no humiliation or failure could shake. In the emotionally charged climate of the "apostolic community," where men's nerves were subject to constant tensions and ecstasies, Enfantin easily won complete ascendancy.

Oeuvres, vol. I, p. 211.

VII The Great Schism

The issue came to a head in a controversy between Enfantin and Bazard over the role of women. The Saint-Simonist school had from the start preached the emancipation of women, along with the liberation of the proletariat. Now, perfect brotherhood and collective ownership do not go very well with the family (which at first they also upheld), since paternal love will always militate against total self-dedication to a collective ideal. In denying the ascetic distinction between matter and spirit, the School had laid great emphasis on the rehabilitation of the flesh. The problem of love and sex thus became a test case. Curiously, the first solution was the Catholic distinction between the ordinary believers, who were enjoined to live in marriage, according to the traditional way, and the "priests" and "priestesses," who were advised to observe strict celibacy, because their only spouse was the new Church—the ideal of association. But the Saint-Simonist antinomy between liberation of natural impulses and total collectivism pressed for another solution: to release the sexual instinct—a thing that seemed called for by the basic philosophy of the legitimacy of all impulses—without creating, in monogamic marriage, a partial bond militating against universal brotherhood. The abolition of the traditional type of marriage seemed the only answer.

Enfantin in consequence taught that account must be taken of the existence of two types: those who are constant by nature, and those whose passions are changing and restless. Granted that passion is not evil, it must be allowed to assert itself, freed from the restraints of monogamic marriage. False pretense and hypocrisy would thus no longer feed prostitution and adultery. Mothers alone would know the secret of the paternity of their children. This would clinch their emancipation. But in the eyes of Bazard, such a doctrine was calculated to lead to promiscuity, and consequently to a greater degradation of woman, instead of to her liberation.

The conflict between the two leaders was at first kept secret from the general body of believers. In fact, some months before it came into the open, Bazard and Enfantin sent a joint letter to the president of the Chamber of Deputies, protesting against the charge that the sect favored promiscuity and holding wives in common. Desperate efforts were made to

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prevent a break. The Saint-Simonist women leaders who were in the secret, and who were deeply repelled by Enfantin's theories, anxiously tried to overcome their repugnance. Cécile Fournel, tormented by the conflict between ardent love for her husband (from whom she had to separate because of the provisional obligation of celibacy on the apostles), horror of Enfantin's ideas, and passionate faith in Saint-Simonism, left the sect for a while and then returned again, yielding to Enfantin. Agla Saint-Hilaire, a severe idealist, found it extremely difficult to overcome her promptings to quit.*

At last the duel was fought out before the whole assembly. In the course of the deliberations, the stern logicians were seized, like the crudest revivalists, by ecstasies and shakings. Some had fainting fits; others fell into a trance and began to prophesy. When Jean Reynaud expressed his disbelief in Olinde Rodrigues' claim that the Holy Ghost dwelt in him, Olinde had an attack of apoplexy. Several members addressed an imploring letter to the "Fathers" begging them to settle their differences and not to wreck the sect. By the end of August 1831, Bazard had a stroke. Soon after his recovery, trouble broke out anew. Enfantin insisted on public confession by everyone. He gave the lead. Then came the turn of Bazard. In the middle of his confession he was interrupted by a brother member who shouted: "You lie!" (The old Carbonari, trained in conspiratorial secrecy, had, deliberately or unwittingly, omitted some detail.)

THE struggle for supremacy between Bazard and Enfantin was at first patched up, but soon Enfantin emerged victorious. A decision was taken that Bazard was to be "chef du dogme," Rodrigues "chef du culte," and Enfantin "Père suprème." Bazard could not bring himeslf to acquiesce and left the sect.†

A general assembly of the College was summoned. It was a moment of supreme crisis, one of those moments which follow an open split between leaders sharing dictatorial power. Whom would the rank and file, or rather the lower leadership strata, follow? The more politically-minded veterans of the secret societies, nurtured on Jacobin traditions, such as Carnot and Pierre Leroux, announced their departure with furious determination. The predicament of those who had placed all their ardent hopes in the movement, who saw in it the meaning of their life, the cornerstone of their philosophy, was tragic. Thus Lechevalier cried: "On the day of my conversion I said that in God's name I put my destiny into the hands of Bazard-Enfantin. They are no longer in agreement, I withdraw. . . . I recognize the Saint-Simonist Family no more." Then came the heart-rending cry of disenchantment: "Yes, I doubt, I doubt even Saint-Simon, I am full of doubts about his successors; I doubt everything now; I am again a philosopher . . . I am once more alone in the world."

"The heart seems to fail at times," wrote Jean Reynaud. But he would not quit. "We have brought men to this creed; it is an enormous responsibility."§ Reynaud was determined to unmask Enfantin when the time came. Quite different was the reaction of Baud, one of those who could not resist the magnetic serenity of Enfantin: "No, God would not have allowed a man to stand before his fellow men with that calm and serene face, with such greatness and beauty, in order to use them as tools, in order to seduce and destroy them." This evoked such a general ecstasy that Reynaud threw himself upon Enfantin's neck. Whereupon Rodrigues, the last of the early apostles to remain in the fold, cast all the weight of his patriarchal authority on Enfantin's side:

"In the name of the living God who was revealed to me by Saint-Simon, the master of all of you, and in particular mine, this shall be my first act of faith here—to proclaim you, Enfantin, the most moral man of our time, the real successor of Saint-Simon, the supreme chief of the Saint-Simonist religion." The Saint-Simonist journal summed up the reaction: "Every one of the members felt his love for Our Père Suprème grow hundredfold . . . for he . . . has revealed himself to all a hundred times more moral, a hundred times better, a hundred times greater and deeper, a hundred times more priestly. The Family has in one little while lived the life of the Père Suprème. . . . His smile delivers from sorrow and gives joy."

And what was said about the schismatics? No word of abuse, no invectives, no insinua-

*Charléty, p. 145 f; *Globe*, Feb. 12, 1832; *Oeuvres*, vol. IV, p. 38, pp. 119-125.

†*Oeuvres*, vol. IV, 136 ff., 155 ff., 160-92; Charléty, p. 131.

§*Oeuvres*, vol. IV, pp. 238-39, p. 157; *Globe*, Nov. 28, 1831; Charléty, p. 135.

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tions of evil motives; no personal attacks. The declarations of the dissidents were even published in the official Saint-Simonist organ. While paying tribute to their idealism and devotion, Enfantin proclaimed them without real religiosity. "The dissidents have never felt who I am; they are all susceptible of the most generous devotion to principles and ideas, but they are ashamed to confess the same love for men, as if God had not made His word incarnate. None of them has been truly religious." Outside the Church they were dry branches, withered limbs, dead.

Rodrigues himself soon broke with the Père Suprême and left the Family. The last straw was Enfantin's verdict that it was the woman's exclusive right to know the secret of the paternity of her child. It was particularly sad that the break should have come in the midst of the successful launching of a Saint-Simonist loan. Although there were no suggestions of bad faith, the dispute led to squalid court proceedings. Rodrigues then proclaimed himself head of the Church and direct disciple of the Master. There were by now three Supreme Fathers at war with each other, for Bazard, too, continued to claim to be the true Father. However, he died shortly as a result of the stroke he had suffered earlier.

Yet through all the turmoil, the elaboration of dogma by way of debate and discussion had been accomplished. Leadership was now undivided, all authority vested in Enfantin.

In the last number of the *Globe*, Enfantin issued the following proclamation: "I, Father of the new family. . . . God has given me the mission to call the proletarian and the woman to a new destiny; to cause to enter into the holy family of man all those who have hitherto been excluded, or treated as minors; to realize the universal association which the cries of liberty intoned by slaves, women or proletarians have invoked since the birth of the world." He had spoken, the time had come to act. But before acting he needed to be silent for a while. He was therefore retiring with forty disciples into solitude at Ménilmontant, leaving to his "sons" the apostolate in the world.

VIII The Monastery

THE retreat to Ménilmontant and the monastic experiment there mark the climax of the Saint-Simonist story. It was meant to be a period of preparation, but it was also perhaps an act of despair. The *Globe* had ceased to appear; the lecture hall which had witnessed so many triumphs of Saint-Simonist oratory and preaching had been closed by the police; a trial for illegal gatherings, incitement to immorality, and financial fraud was impending. The resources of the School, in spite of the admirable generosity of members and sympathizers, were nearly exhausted. Lastly, the sect had been shattered by a terrible schism and painful secessions.

Life at Ménilmontant was austere. Strict celibacy was introduced by the emancipators of the body, and heart-rending separations were enforced between young loving spouses. All menial work was done by the monks themselves, in order to demonstrate the rehabilitation of the proletariat. The hours were strictly regulated: they rose at five in the morning, breakfasted at seven, lunched at one, had dinner at seven, went to bed at ten. All was held in common, all meals were taken together, accompanied by singing. Lectures and seminars were held—which goes without saying. But the Saint-Simonists were also anxious to surround their life with all possible solemnity and symbolic meaning: they grew beards in order to acquire a more majestic air; they resorted to all the arts—poetry, painting, and music—in order to lend the character of a pageant to their festivals and celebrations, and indeed to every trivial occasion. Not for nothing were some of them artists. The retreat was punctuated by solemn celebrations. The prologue, as it were, was the funeral of Enfantin's mother, with all disciples present. The adoption by the sect of Enfantin's illegitimate son was another solemn day. The festival of *prise d'habits*, after the Père had withdrawn for three days into total solitude and silence, was a great occasion. The robes were so made that the buttons were at the back: one always needed the help of someone else to button them up—symbol of brotherly love and aid! The ceremony of *"Ouverture des travaux du Temple"* was probably the climax of the monastic experiment; it attracted huge crowds from Paris, who stared open-mouthed at this grand review of a semi-priestly and semi-military character, underlined by chants, well-rehearsed motions, and an air of unearthly solemnity on the handsome faces of forty young men parading with working utensils on their shoulders.

A pantheistic philosophy—or should one say poetry?—was worked out at Ménilmontant. All

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is God, and God is in all. Everything is part of the one cosmic organism, in space as well as in time: the inchoate mass of matter which was there before the planets, land masses and oceans were shaped; formed matter and living organisms; and especially those marginal phenomena which betoken the passage from matter to life. There is affinity between the conscious and the unconscious, the natural and the supernatural, as reflected in magnetism, mesmerism, somnambulism, telepathy, or dreams, from the lowest level up to the most advanced creative intellect. One living substance works through all; and the creative effort of artists, poets, scientists, implies not resistance to nature, but the most refined activity of the divine substance, its highest sublimation.*

This type of pantheistic affirmation of cosmic oneness was bound to lead to moral antinomism. The seeming contradictions must be made to appear unreal. The world cannot have two contradictory principles, like the Manichean distinction of original good and perennial evil. There is only one thing with two aspects, between which there is a continuous flow. The cardinal principle of the world is the law of contradiction and tension, yet they are all reconciled in the real oneness: the ego and the non-ego, virtue and vice, Othello and Don Juan, the Jew and the Christian, the Orient and the Occident, thought and action, constancy and change. If this be so, can one really speak of evil at all? Ultimately, no. The distinction between matter and spirit, soul and flesh, good impulses and evil urges cannot be maintained. Hence the rehabilitation of the flesh.

In view of the interconnection of spirit and matter, one could hardly dissociate physical from spiritual aspects. External, physical beauty is held to betoken spiritual fineness, and Enfantin insists on the junction of the two elements, the sensual and the spiritual. The pantheist philosophy was worked out to its last conclusion. There is no I and thou, but a universal life, of which I and thou partake. Insofar as we are joined in love we dwell in each other, I am an aspect of you, and you are an aspect of me. This interpenetration takes place not only among contemporaries, but also between the living and the dead, and those yet unborn.

*Prosper Enfantin, *Science de l'homme* (Paris 1858).

IX *The Mother*

ENFANTIN proclaimed that it was not his wish to introduce the new morality preached by him here and now. The final decision, the task of formulating the new code, must be left to the Woman—the Mother—who would one day make her appearance and take her seat at the Father's side. Until then the old morality was binding, and thus strict celibacy was imposed. Gradually, however, the expectation of the Mother and her final dispensation assumed the dimensions of a chiliastic, all-embracing experience.

The Woman appeared to these young men not just as a person of the opposite sex, but as a savior, a superior being, offering love, forgiveness, and comfort. There was furthermore a potent symbolism in the image of the Woman-Messiah coming to undo the fatal act of Eve, to turn doom into redemption, to lift mankind from sin and fall into guilt-free self-expression.

"It is from the hands of a woman that the new Adam regenerated by Saint-Simon will receive the fruit of the tree of science; by her he will be led to God, contrary to the Christian belief that he has been removed from Him by her. Mary has already come to console the woman by giving a Savior to men. . . . Alone with God, she has conceived the law of love; the mysterious prophecy of the order of the future."†

An empty chair is always reserved at the side of the Father's chair for the Mother-Messiah. Again and again he takes God to witness that he cannot carry out the promise as long as the Mother has not arrived, that he is paralyzed by her absence. All is provisional until her appearance. Ultimately, Enfantin is only the messenger of her coming, her John the Baptist.

This frame of mind was intensified by the disintegration of the Ménilmontant retreat and the imprisonment of the Père. The Saint-Simonists appeared in court in priestly attire. They refused, at the Père's order, to take the oath. Their speeches, overflowing with the pride of the twice-born, and full of contempt for the pettiness and stupidity of the unregenerate world, exasperated judges, jury, and counsel. Enfantin tried the power of his magnetic eyes on the judges, and expressed his compassionate contempt at their insensitive-

†Charléty, p. 129.

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ness to spirit-soaked beauty. At the end of the trial, and on the eve of his imprisonment, the Père abdicated. While he was serving his sentence in prison, Barrault reorganized the group and called it "Les Compagnons de la Femme" (The Companions of the Woman).

At this stage the vision of the Woman-Messiah becomes associated with the grandiose dream of wedding the Orient to the Occident and effecting an apocalyptic synthesis between the world of Othello and of Don Juan, between the mysterious, dream-like, contemplative East and the dynamic, restless West. This vision has its positivist aspect in Michel Chevalier's scheme of a huge network of railways to join together all parts of the Mediterranean with the capitals of Europe, and in the project of a Suez Canal and gigantic public works in the Near East.*

But, above all, the Woman-Messiah will reveal herself in the Orient. It is fitting that she should emerge from her hiding in Constantinople, the capital first of Byzantium and then of the Ottoman Empire; or in Egypt of the burning desert and the Pharaohs, builders of the Pyramid; or in Judea, cradle of religions, prophets, and saviors; or in India, that mysterious continent of mysticism and romance on the banks of the Ganges—where fecundity is worshipped and bulls have altars. All the signs of the prophecies—comets, Jewish dreams of Zion, epileptic prophecies—betoken her coming in the new year, and in the Orient.†

The Mother is on her way, the gift of the Orient. In fact, she has already arrived. Barrault knows it, because he feels it. And the Mother will be a Jewess. She will make her appearance in Constantinople, in the coming year, in the month of May. At long last Barrault issues anonymously a proclamation to Jewish women:

"Glory, glory to you, Jewish women! You who have protested against this monstrosity of the spirit, this infantilizing of the woman who brings to the world her Lord, her Master, her God. For the Messiah is not a man, but a man and woman conjoint. . . . The men of your race are the industrial and political link between the nations. . . . And you, women, are called upon to reforge a new moral law for the world. . . . Where is there among you the one who is willing to save the world?. . . . The world is harassed, the torment has been long-lasting; will the star of salvation not arise soon?. . . . Man's word fails, man has said and thought everything, man alone cannot save the world any more: Woman! The world needs your word, your action, your love!. . . . Daughter of Abraham, pure blood of David, helper of the prophets, ark of the covenant, redemptress of women and of the toilers. . . . well-beloved companion, sacred spouse, appear, appear!"

*Oeuvres, vol. VI, pp. 55-87.

†Enfantin in a letter to Heine: "The Orient is calling upon God's chosen people; here is the wandering Jew, he is more than an individual, his name is Israel." (Zosa Szajkowski, "The Jewish Saint-Simonians and Socialist Anti-Semites in France," *Jewish Social Studies*, vol. IX, No. 1, 1947.)

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LETTERS FROM READERS

The Politics of Al Smith

To the Editor of Commentary:

I resent Dennis Wrong's review of my *Al Smith and His America* in your July issue, both for its misrepresentations of my book and for its insinuations as to the motives for which it was written.

It is absolutely untrue to ascribe any influence upon the contents of the book to either its newspaper serialization or to Senator Kennedy's presumed Presidential aspirations. I began to work upon this volume in 1951, long before the Senator could have been considered for national office; and the manuscript was in its complete and final form before it was circulated to any periodical. Senator Kennedy did not see the book until it was in print; and the Boston *Globe,* to which Mr. Wrong refers, has carried non-partisanship to the extreme of refusing to endorse any candidate for public office.

Mr. Wrong's comments on my discussion of the campaign of 1932 are suffused with presumptuous ignorance. I challenge him to cite *one single issue* on which Smith altered his views through the influence of Raskob or any other wealthy businessman before the summer of 1932. Smith's economic views were not indistinguishable from Hoover's when it came to public works or unemployment relief. His position on the tariff, which he had already stated in Louisville in 1928, was one which the Democratic party had gradually evolved in the preceding decade and was to be adhered to by the New Deal administration through the 1930's. I would like to see Mr. Wrong find even one economic question on which Roosevelt differed from Smith before the summer of 1932. Prohibition *was* the issue that divided the two men as any examination of the contemporary press will show; and your critic would have been more candid in his comments had he at least hinted at my explanation that prohibition had become the vehicle for the anti-Catholic, nativist prejudices that helped defeat Smith in 1928.

Oscar Handlin

Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

Mr. Wrong *writes:*

I can't imagine how Oscar Handlin got the idea that I accused him of writing his biography of Al Smith to support the Presidential aspirations of Senator Kennedy. I shouldn't have supposed that either he or the Boston *Globe* would have found it necessary to resort to so devious an expedient had they wished to promote the Senator's candidacy. What I actually said was that since I did not think much of Mr. Handlin's book either as a piece of historical scholarship or as an interpretation of Smith's life and times, it might nevertheless have some value "as the work of a publicist." Webster defines a publicist as "one who writes on current affairs; a writer for the public, especially on political topics." I intended the word in this sense and went on to observe that a Boston newspaper had seen fit to serialize the book, presumably because Senator Kennedy's prospective candidacy made the question of whether a Catholic could become President a matter of current interest. Perhaps Mr. Handlin thought that by "publicist" I meant "a publicity agent," according to Webster an alternative but less common meaning of the word. At least this is the only immediate explanation I can find for his bizarre misunderstanding of my remarks.

I must say I resent Mr. Handlin's charge of "presumptuous ignorance." I am not a professional historian and was in knee pants when the events at issue took place, but before writing my review I referred to a few other accounts of the 1932 campaign that were at hand, especially Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.'s *The Crisis of the Old Order,* but also D. W. Brogan's *The American Political System* and Dixon Wecter's *The Age of the Great Depression.* If it was Mr. Handlin's aim to challenge the standard view that Smith was the most conservative and pro-business of the 1932 Democratic candidates, he should have said so and dealt with Smith's opinions in a less sketchy and ambiguous fashion. I didn't say in my review that Smith changed his views as a result of association with Raskob and other millionaires, merely that his wealthy and conservative associates influenced him, which may have been by confirming him in opinions to which he al-

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ready inclined. Of course Smith's views were not identical with Hoover's—he was, after all, a Democrat anxious to run against Hoover. But on the question of how to cope with the depression the tenor of his speeches was closer to business orthodoxy than that of Roosevelt's, who, as is well known, was himself no New Dealer at the time of the 1932 campaign. Mr. Handlin himself mentions in his book Smith's angry response to Roosevelt's "forgotten man" speech when, in a foretaste of his later Liberty League oratory, Smith accused Roosevelt of using demagogy "to set class against class." And I still think Mr. Handlin's discussion of Smith's views on the tariff is disingenuous.

The fact is there is no necessary relation between an American politician's humanitarianism and opposition to racial and religious discrimination and his views on the economic issues raised by the depression and the New Deal. Mr. Handlin evidently thinks the New Deal was a Good Thing (so do I) and, out of sympathy for Smith's victimization by nativist bigots, tries to picture Smith as an incipient New Dealer in 1932.

The Sunday School

To the Editor of Commentary:

In September 1947 Commentary printed an article of mine . . . on Jewish religious education, which came to some rather skeptical and critical conclusions. . . . At the time I was unhappy . . . [that the magazine should start] its discussion of such an important Jewish activity in so negative a vein, but my uneasiness was laid at rest by the plan which Commentary described in a note to my article; [to the effect that it had] "invited three outstanding Jewish educators, representing diverse viewpoints, to comment on Mr. Grunebaum's criticisms, and to tell our readers what solutions each would propose for the problem. . . ."

About eleven years have passed, and Commentary again prints some pessimistic remarks of mine in Theodore Frankel's episodic description (June) of the religious school of the Jewish Community Center of White Plains. . . . You have invited serious articles on . . . [many] subjects. But Jewish congregational and educational activities, as they actually flourish in American Jewish life, Commentary views only through journalistic eyes. We have highly respected institutions devoted to Jewish religious education maintained by the various groups into which Judaism is divided. They are manned by serious educators, and so are many of the congregational schools. May I express the hope that you will call on these people, so that we may soon read in the pages of Commentary how leading Jewish educators view the current situation of their religious schools and what solutions they propose for the problems religious education presents in the cultural milieu of our age. What could be more important for the cultural survival of the largest Jewish group in the world than the health of its educational institutions!

L. H. Grunebaum

Scarsdale, New York

To the Editor of Commentary:

The Jewish suburbanite's problem resolves itself basically as follows: (1) Pursuing a solution of his everyday community problems on a non-sectarian basis. (2) Maintaining a friendly social relationship with neighbors of other faiths. (3) Preserving some of his religious and historical traditions without simultaneously carrying a chip on his shoulders. The last is discussed in Mr. Frankel's "Suburban Jewish Sunday School."

An important corollary to the problem is of course the constant maintenance of an economic standard implicit in suburban living. Mr. Frankel unfortunately assumes that every Jew residing in the suburbs is either a manufacturer, lawyer, doctor, or psychiatrist. Pity the mediocrity of a Jew who struggles on a modest income and lives in the suburbs. For his children the suburban Jewish Sunday school, with all of its shortcomings—and there are many—is a closed door. The cost of membership in all of these modern synagogue-school-country-clubs is prohibitive, and only children of members are admitted to The Sunday School.

The average rabbi in these modern Jewish edifices never honestly discusses this fact, yet avails himself of the luxury of sermonizing about Jews who stray from their faith. Every Jewish Sunday school should embark upon a program of unlimited admission for all willing children, their parents' economic ability notwithstanding.

Joshua Freed

Rochelle Park, New Jersey

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

A Jewish Historian

NATIONALISM AND HISTORY. ESSAYS ON OLD AND NEW JUDAISM. By SIMON DUBNOW. Edited with an introductory essay by Koppel S. Pinson. Jewish Publication Society. 385 pp. $4.50.

Reviewed by OSCAR HANDLIN

ON THE evening of December 8, 1941, the Germans, having taken the Latvian city of Riga, were herding a group of women and aged Jews out of the Ghetto and into buses when one of the guards opened fire to stir up the laggards. Among those who died was the eighty-one-year-old historian Simon Dubnow. It was symbolic that his long life should have come to an end at the moment when the East European society for which he spoke was entering upon its death agony.

Dubnow was born in a small village of White Russia on September 3, 1860. Distinguished rabbis were counted among his ancestors, but his father and grandfather were engaged in trade; and he himself was subject to the Westernizing influences which were breaking into the world of traditional Jewry. He attended a Russian school and the Gymnasium instead of the Yeshiva; he read Russian literature and French and English philosophy; and by the time he was twenty had become a heretic and a freethinker. Following the career of writer and teacher in St. Petersburg and Odessa until after the Russian Revolution, he subsequently found a home in Germany where he lived until the coming to power of Hitler. The remaining decade of his life he spent in Latvia.

Although Dubnow departed from the Orthodoxy of his ancestors, he could not tear himself away from their way of life. "The soul of my grandfather is so close to me," he confided to his diary in 1910. He longed for the life of study of the rabbi, but "without the ritual and the darkness." In history, he found a secular equivalent for the traditional learning: the study of the past enabled him to immerse himself in the ideas and the institutions of his ancestors without the compulsion to pass judgment on their truth or validity. The result was a succession of notable scholarly works, among them a three-volume history of the Jews in Russia and Poland (available in English) and a ten-volume world history of the Jewish people, which has appeared in Hebrew, Yiddish, German, Russian, and Spanish, though not in English.

The search for a secular equivalent of religious dedication also made Dubnow a nationalist. He insisted that the essence of nationalism was cultural rather than political; the Jews, therefore, were a nation like any other, capable of leading an autonomous cultural life wherever they happened to be in the Diaspora. Through most of his career he actively campaigned to secure the rights of the Jews to cultural autonomy in the various states of Eastern Europe.

In the volume before us Professor Pinson has brought together, in a lively translation, a number of speculative essays on both nationalism and history. The most important are the series of "Letters on Old and New Judaism," originally published in the Russian journal *Voskhod* between 1897 and 1906; an essay on the philosophy of history published in the same periodical in 1893; and the introduction to the *World History* published in 1924. Together with an enlightening introduction by the editor, these offer material for evaluation of the strength and the weaknesses of Dubnow's ideas on both history and nationalism.

DUBNOW'S unique position within East European Jewish life impelled him to take an unusually creative view of the subject matter of history. Dealing with the Jews, a group which through most of their history lacked a national state, he could not confine his attention to politics in the manner of most 19th-century historians. Nor as a secularist could he follow the tradition of earlier Jewish historiography, which had focused upon the development of religious thought, institutions, and martyrdom.

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Unable to use either politics or faith as the central theme of his story, Dubnow found a fresh definition of the cultural unity of the group about whom he wrote in the coherence of their way of life as a people. This definition brought a broad range of social and cultural topics within the scope of his history. "The history of the Jewish Diaspora," he explained, "describes not the accidental deeds of princes and generals, not external pomp and physical prowess, but the life and development of a whole people." He thus established a fruitful pattern of investigation that was to be carried on by his pupil, Elias Tscherikower, and by the scholars of YIVO.

Dubnow's conceptions of nationalism were also rooted in his own situation. The experience of East European Jewry had taught him that a state was not essential to the survival of a nation. Indeed, he was convinced that the preoccupation with power might actually endanger the cultural heritage that was the most precious objective of national survival. On this account he objected to political Zionism and insisted that Jewish national existence on the cultural plane was feasible in any part of the world. Nationalism, from this point of view, was complementary rather than antagonistic to cosmopolitanism. In the tradition of Mazzini, Dubnow emphasized the universal character of nationalism, as a means of establishing "the spiritual union between the Jews and the rest of the nations."

Yet Dubnow's East European situation was also a source of weakness: despite his own objectivity and the breadth of his perspective, he could not surmount the parochial limitations of the culture in which he worked. He lacked adequate contact with the ideas of the social scientists of Western Europe. Even more important he failed to understand the impact of general, external forces on the Jewish community. "The Jewish people," he argued, "has at all times and in all countries, always and everywhere, been the subject, the creator of its own history, not only in the intellectual sphere but also in the general sphere of social life." This dogmatic assumption obscured for him such broad economic and social trends as the changes in capitalism or the rise of the cities or the development of industrialization. At most, events like the Crusades or the French Revolution appear as cataclysms breaking in upon the self-contained history of the group. Hasidism, for example, he treats as entirely an ingrown Jewish phenomenon, hardly aware of the fact that similar pietistic movements transformed many Christian denominations throughout Europe in the same century. For all the energy and dedication Dubnow devoted to his historical writing, it remains circumscribed and narrow in scope. Nor did he understand (any more than did the Zionists of his time) that Jewish nationalism was an aspect of a more general reordering of 19th-century European life. The movement, for him, testified "to the immortality of this eternal driving force of Jewish history." It did not occur to him to wonder why similar movements at the same time should have aroused the enthusiasm of Armenians and Albanians, of Finns and Serbs and a host of other peoples.

In retrospect it seems clear that the conception of the multi- or non-national state which he espoused was a projection of the aspirations, at a point of crisis, of the peculiar community within which Dubnow lived and worked. He retains interest for Americans as the embodiment of one of the dreams evoked by that crisis. Hitler's legions shattered that dream for European Jewry, and nothing that has happened since encourages us to believe that it will be revived in the future.

Our Boondoggling Democracy

THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY. By JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH. Houghton Mifflin. 356 pp. $5.00.

Reviewed by IRVING KRISTOL

DESPITE all the polysyllabic rhetoric about "social science," about exploratory hypotheses and scrupulous verification and laborious system-building, it is nevertheless the obvious case that important social theories convince us by their self-evidence. We read a book; and we achieve an understanding of our situation. (To be sure, we may later on change our mind and conclude that we had deceived ourselves, or that the world had moved beyond the scope of our original comprehension. But then it is time for another book.) A social theory enlightens us with its very statement; it discovers the world we live in; we see the explanation of why things are happening as they are. The impact of such books as Berle and Means's *The Modern Corporation and Private Property*, Keynes's *General Theory of Employment, In-*

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terest, and Money, and Riesman's *The Lonely Crowd* can be explained in no other way. These books did not invincibly demonstrate a set of conclusions; their special quality was their ability to persuade people who had never even read them. They were, above all, plausible and reasonable, and they allowed us to make sense of our social experience in a way that other books at hand did not.

John Kenneth Galbraith's *The Affluent Society* is, in my opinion, such a book. I am not an economist, and I take it for granted that the academic fraternity may discover all sorts of errors in it. . . . But I do not expect such errors to detract from the overwhelming truth of the book. This *is* the American economy and the American society, as we have personal and repeated knowledge of it. It is the America where New York's subways, on the verge of bankruptcy, hand out free rides in exchange for soap coupons; where the nursing profession is advised by a leading sociologist to revise its public image from that of the sweet sister of mercy to the "hard-boiled pro," as the sole method of gaining a decent scale of wages; where people have superb dishwashers and miserable systems of garbage collection; where an advertising man who dreams up a new depilatory is richly rewarded, while a professor who suggests a new public service is regarded as an impractical wastrel; where the growth of the Gross National Product, in which pornography, prostitution, and narcotics have the same status as wealth as do teaching, preaching, or building, is regarded as an index of a rising standard of living; where more people die prematurely of overeating than of malnutrition—a crazy world, but indisputably our very own.

One can expect Mr. Galbraith's academic critics to be all the more vigilant in that he is frequently sarcastic (though not, to my mind, sufficiently so) at their expense. (E.g.: "Restraint on competition and [on] the free movement of prices . . . have been principally deplored by university professors on lifetime appointments. Such security of tenure is deemed essential for fruitful and unremitting thought.") His style, too, will offend them: it is urbane, witty, readable, and even shows signs of wishing to be moderately "popular." This last, I myself think, is a tactical error. *The Affluent Society* has too much good journalism in it, and not quite enough *gravitas.* Books that aim to have a profound effect on opinion should not be as pleasurable to read as this one is. It fails to impress immediately with its seriousness; and there are even moments when one wonders if Mr. Galbraith knows just how radical a book he *has* written. No doubt he does; but he should not have allowed us the luxury of having to suppose it.

Mr. Galbraith argues, in effect, that the American economy as presently organized is an enormous boondoggle—only one which is carried out by private enterprise rather than public; that this fact is obscured by what he calls, with amiable irony, the "conventional wisdom," which still centers its attention on the urgencies of production that were suitable to the economy of a hundred years ago; that to obscurity is added obfuscation, since this peculiar species of social organization relieves us of the necessity of having to face otherwise intractable problems; that the system nevertheless produces quite insoluble problems of its own. . . . There is more, much more, for it is a rich and suggestive book, and a conscientious reviewer must feel helpless at the prospect of trying to summarize all of its insights. What I shall do, therefore, is simply list the six Galbraithian propositions that seem to me the most important—adding the *caveat,* however, that in the book itself there are no propositions, only skillful analysis and cogent argument.

1. The central tradition of economic thought, as founded by Adam Smith, Ricardo, and Malthus, understandably emphasized the "rational allocation of resources"—i.e., that distribution of economic factors which would maximize production. Economic thought today, in an age of material abundance, still regards as rational whatever leads to increased production, without reflecting on whether or not this goal itself can still be regarded as rational, and in the face of a common-sense suspicion that it cannot.

2. The emphasis on productivity has received additional force from the awareness that an economy fully employed in maximizing production incidentally "solves" two other troublesome problems: security and equality. The worker is secure in his job, the corporation in its profit, while the general increase in wealth leads to both a narrowing of inequalities and a relative loss of interest in those that do remain.

3. But in our scheme of things, production means private production to meet individual wants. Public services, in contrast, which are

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financed by taxation, are regarded as a more or less necessary burden upon the economy (even though they may patently—e.g., as in the case of education—help increase our material well-being). The consequence is an absurd "social imbalance" in which all private wants are taken to be inherently superior to all public needs. A juvenile delinquent can easily buy a car, but the community cannot afford to hire an extra policeman to prevent him from raising hell in it.

4. Individual "wants," moreover, are no longer the traditional desires for food, clothing, and shelter, but are themselves artificially created (via advertising, salesmanship, and installment-buying) in order to keep the machinery of production going full blast. We manufacture "wants" along with the products to "satisfy" them, and thus keep our economy going round and round like a squirrel wheel.

5. One of the side-effects of this lunatic economics is to diminish our national security. The money which, on a purely arithmetical calculation, we might seem to be able to afford for the purposes of military expenditure, foreign investment and aid, etc., is not in fact available since that would involve a curtailment of these peculiar "wants," which by now have the status of "needs." Such a curtailment would be most impolitic, because people have been convinced, by an elaborate and expensive procedure, that not to satisfy these "needs" is to suffer a deprivation. And if we were successful in persuading them to the contrary, a lot of people would suddenly lose jobs and livelihood.

6. Not only does the squirrel wheel provide an odd model for the economics of a good society. It has the further disadvantages of ineluctably wrecking itself on the snags of either inflation or depression. An economy that is constantly expanding to satisfy the "needs" which it simultaneously creates must, in the absence of any administrative control over wages and prices, be an economy in a state of perpetual inflation. Efforts to stop this inflation through measures of fiscal policy, while economically feasible, will result in large-scale unemployment if they are pressed so far as to be effective. And large-scale unemployment, with all its suffering, is intolerable and absurd in a society suffering from an *embarras de richesses*.

This gives only an outline—not even a skeleton—of the book's originality and percipience. *The Affluent Society* is by far the most serious critique of "welfare capitalism" that has been written in the post-Marxian era. (It is perhaps worth remarking that, though Mr. Galbraith will be denounced in some quarters as a "socialist," he clearly hasn't the faintest interest in that doctrine.) Its implications are at least as much in the realm of moral philosophy as political economy; and they are so numerous and extensive as to be almost frightening to contemplate. Mr. Galbraith himself does not pursue them very far. He does suggest, as immediate measures, a self-adjusting unemployment insurance program which will pay nearly full wages in times of crisis and more modest sums in times of high prosperity. He also urges a more common reliance on the sales tax as a fund-raising measure for public services. The first recommendation will alarm business executives who still hold the venerable opinion (never applied to themselves) that men won't work unless the "iron laws" of economics constrain them to. The second will outrage merchants and those liberals who are so hypnotized by egalitarianism (and its political possibilities) that they are willing to neglect large problems in order to make "fighting issues" out of smaller ones. Another of his recommendations, for a national prices and wage policy (i.e., controls) in specific industries, will displease just about everyone. That is as it should be. Mr. Galbraith has moved intellectually into the *second* half of the 20th century, whereas the "conventional wisdom" lags behind, mouthing its outworn slogans, fighting its outworn battles, haunted by outworn anxieties, while it moves frantically around the vicious circle we are fixed in.

"Between Hampstead and Hendon"

THE BANKRUPTS. By BRIAN GLANVILLE. Doubleday. 237 pp. $3.95.

Reviewed by DAN JACOBSON

LOOKED at in the way the author clearly does not want us to look at his book, *The Bankrupts* is a severely cautionary tale, a warning to young Jewish girls always to heed what their parents say—especially when it comes to such things as careers, marriage, and money. Rosemary Frieman, the chief character in the book, is a young girl who thinks she knows better than her parents what would be the right things for her to do. They want her to work in an office, but she goes to art school; they introduce her

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to eligible and wealthy young businessmen, but she will have nothing to do with them; they warn her against a certain poor student working for his Ph.D. in English Literature, but she goes and falls in love with him. So promptly the worst thing that can happen to any young unmarried girl happens to Rosemary: the poor student puts her in the family way. And as if that isn't bad enough, he has to go off to Israel, leaving her alone to find out what has happened to her. And as if *that* isn't bad enough, while he is in Israel he has to go and get himself killed by an Arab bullet. So where then is Rosemary? Alone, pregnant, her lover gone beyond recall—poor girl, if only she had listened to her parents none of this need have happened to her, and she could today be holidaying in Brighton or Eastbourne with all the other young wives of all the other young businessmen. Luckily, however, at the end of the book Rosemary can also go off to Israel, where she and her child will enter a kind of institution for unmarried mothers known as a *kibbutz*. So things aren't quite as bad as they would have been in Victorian times, when there would have been nothing but the streets for her, and quite right too.

Of course this isn't the way Mr. Glanville wants us to look at his book; but, "Never trust the artist; trust the tale," runs D. H. Lawrence's famous dictum; and if we apply it to *The Bankrupts* the moral of the book turns out to be startlingly different from the one Mr. Glanville thinks he is drawing. And the extent of the difference is a pointer, I think, to all that is in fact unrealized, unexamined, and untrue in the book.

The novel purports to be a picture of, and an attack on, a segment of wealthy English Jewry living in London "between Hampstead and Hendon"; the bankrupts of the title being Rosemary Frieman's parents and their equally wealthy, golfing, card-playing, fund-raising, garment-manufacturing friends. *The Bankrupts* has recently had something of a *succès de scandale* with Anglo-Jewry, and for many weeks after the publication of the book in England people were busy writing indignant letters about it to the London *Jewish Chronicle;* but I cannot help feeling that this indignation was largely misdirected. It is true that Mr. Glanville fails hopelessly to see the people and the institutions he is writing about in any kind of social, psychological, or moral proportion. But the worst result of this, it seems to me, is not the unkindness of his portraiture, but his persistent and unconscious flattery of the people he is supposed to be attacking.

The life described by Mr. Glanville is hideously and overpoweringly vulgar: it is dominated exclusively by money values, decorated with ostentatious weddings, relieved by holidays in ugly and expensive seaside resorts, disturbed only by a chronic fear and an ignorant resentment of the world lived in by Gentiles or even by Jews who have chosen to live differently. Now it is just possible that the Friemans of this world *may* in truth be as vulgar, stupid, and self-satisfied as Mr. Glanville draws them (though I have my doubts about some of the goings-on there are in the book). But it is certainly *not* true that these people are anything near as formidable as Mr. Glanville imagines them to be. It is no accident that Rosemary's lover, Bernard, is overawed, like a little boy, whenever he meets the elder Frieman; because so is Mr. Glanville. It is only in Mr. Glanville's imagination—nowhere else—that turning one's back on the Friemans is as difficult and dangerous an operation as he would make out, or is followed by results as disastrous as those which overtake Rosemary.

However, one must be fair. It *is* difficult for Mr. Glanville's hero and heroine to strike out for themselves when their creator is able to imagine for them so curiously little as an alternative to the kind of life lived by the Friemans. Israel in this book is altogether unreal, distant, something merely heard about vaguely in a letter or two. And for the rest there is only the very mildly "bohemian" life in London of Bernard and his friends, whom we are apparently expected to admire chiefly because they live in basement flats and listen to jazz records. One grows weary at the thought of it.

Fortunately, England is a much bigger place than you would ever guess from this book: and so too is even that stretch of territory between Hampstead and Hendon, where so many of London's Jews have chosen to live.

Religious Debate

JEWISH RELIGIOUS POLEMIC. By OLIVER SHAW RANKIN. Edinburgh University Press. 256 pp. $4.50.

Reviewed by DAVID BAUMGARDT

DISPUTATIOUSNESS has often been regarded as a singular characteristic of the Jewish mind:

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"Tell me something and I will refute it." Yet Socrates in the Platonic dialogues is hardly a less fiery debater than the Rabbis of the Talmud and many other philosophers, including Fichte, Schelling, and even Kant—not to mention several Fathers of the Church—were the authors of extremely embittered and aggressive polemics. Plato himself found "dialectics" to be in the very bloodstream of the philosopher and even of the religious thinker. Thus there is no cause for surprise, embarrassment, or invidious comment in regard to what is, after all, a comparatively small body of Jewish religious polemic, a few specimens of which, hitherto mostly unavailable in English, are here presented by the late Christian theologian Oliver Shaw Rankin of Edinburgh University.

The first of these pieces, indeed, the Midrash *Divre ha-yamim shel Moshe,* is so subdued in tone that it hardly seems a polemic. Rankin interprets Pharaoh's remark to Moses and Aaron in the Midrash ("There is no deity of any of the lands can do as I do. Mine is my Nile and I created myself") as a veiled reference to Caligula's boasts about his own divinity to Philo of Alexandria when in 40 A.D. the philosopher tried to persuade him to exempt the Jews from the religious obligations of the Emperor cult. The Chronicle of Moses, according to this view, was intended to remind Jews who were commanded during the 1st and 2nd centuries C.E. to adore their imperial Roman rulers as gods that the once mighty Pharaoh perished despite his claims of divinity.

Considerably more marked in its polemic, or rather self-defensive, character is a poem *Zichron Sefer Nitzachon D'Rabbi Lipmann* ("A Memoir of Rabbi Lipmann's Victory"), which dates from the 15th century, though some parts of it were probably written earlier. This poem challenges the perennial Christian charge that the Jewish refusal to believe in the Trinity and in the doctrine of original sin is a sign of perverse "obstinacy." According to a widespread Christian tradition (preserved to some extent in our own day, as Rankin points out, by Karl Barth), belief in the Trinity is sanctioned in the very first verse of the Bible, where God is called by the apparently plural designation *Elohim.* The Jewish author of the *Zichron* does not enter into any discussion of the refinements which the Christian dogma of a three-personed God underwent in philosophical speculation; and a dispute of this kind would certainly have been out of place in dealing with the great majority of pugnacious Christian missionaries or hostile Jewish proselytes. He simply contents himself with the sober observation that, though the word *Elohim* seems indeed to be a plural, it is grammatically treated in the first verse of Genesis and elsewhere strictly as a singular. But beneath this cool grammatical analysis, there is a tone of unique Jewish fervor in defense of the *Shema,* that higher rational devotion of Judaism to a deity who is one and only one, one indivisible beyond and above any non-rational dialectical subtleties.

As for original sin, from which, according to Christian dogma, man can be cleansed only by faith in the Son of God as his Redeemer, Rankin rightly observes that there is in the *Zichron* "something of the scorn which the theological speculation of the Church must have raised in the minds of Jews, to whom it was represented that their revered forefathers had been detained in Hades as though they were the 'seed of evil-doers' awaiting liberation through the atoning death of Jesus."

THE weariness of political and moral struggle, the thirst for unconditioned all-forgiveness and immediate salvation, were among the principal motives which drove the Roman world into the arms of Christianity, away from the moral stubbornness of Stoicism and the challenge to moral effort in Judaism. All the more heroic, then, is the vigor with which Judaism remained unyielding and uncompromising in its primary demand of moral effort without reliance on redemption by any other power which itself confesses that it represents only "a son of man."

These and similar ideas and feelings also appear in the other pieces assembled by Rankin, especially in the famous debate that took place in July 1263 at Barcelona, Spain, in the presence of King Jayme (James) and his nobles—a public discussion between Moses ben Nachman (also called Nachmanides or the Ramban) and the Dominican monk Fra Paulo (known also as Pablo Christiani), a baptized Jew.*

And again, similar tensions between Jewish and Christian beliefs press to the fore four hundred years later, about 1642, in an exchange of letters between an anonymous Jew of Amsterdam and the baptized Jew, Johann Stephen Rittangel, Lutheran Professor-extraordinarius of Oriental languages in the University of Königsberg, translator of and com-

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mentator on the Cabbalistic work *Sefer Yetsirah,* and immediate forerunner of the best-known Christian Cabbalist Christian Knoor von Rosenroth. In this correspondence and in the grand dispute at Barcelona, the principal topic is, once more, the question of whether hard moral labor is necessary for the betterment of mankind and the coming of the Messiah, or whether man hopelessly laden with original sin can be redeemed only by faith in a divine savior, the son of God who has already appeared on earth as the all-redeeming Messiah.

Certainly many details of the argument on either side seem antiquated today, but, allowing for medieval techniques of thought, the Jew generally appears in these discussions as considerably more open-minded and emotionally more flexible than his opponent. Nachmanides in particular showed an unusual measure of diplomatic skill and self-control coupled with great audacity and firmness when, before the King of Aragon, he dared to argue that the day of the Messiah could not as yet have come since the world was still full of violence and war. Citing Isaiah's prophesy that swords would be beaten into ploughshares in the Messianic age, he went so far as to say, "And how hard it would be for you, my lord the King, and for those knights of yours, if they should learn war no more." True, he had been granted freedom of speech by his monarch so long as he did not speak "disrespectfully" of Christian teachings. Yet when he published an account of his discussions with the Dominicans and the king, he was banished for two years "from the scene of his labors" and in 1267, at the age of seventy, he had to leave Spain for good and emigrate to Palestine.

Rankin's commentaries on these four pieces of Jewish polemic are lucid and instructive in hacking through the vast piles of learned linguistic and exegetic lumber which often (even in his own notes) can obscure the lasting vitality of the issues at stake. In his remarks on the Zohar and other mystical Jewish literature, the late Scottish scholar, unfortunately, was unable to take account of the extended research in this field by Gershom Scholem and other Israeli scholars. But Rankin's reflections on Jewish apologetics are animated by a quiet, warm, and amiable sympathy with the difficulties faced by these defenders of Judaism, and the dignity and courage with which they performed a hazardous assignment often very crudely imposed upon them. This volume indeed offers—in the words of its editor, Norman W. Porteous—"an example of fair-mindedness and charity which . . . will do something to promote that mutual understanding between two great faiths which was a concern very near" the author's "heart."

A study of the documents presented by Rankin might well serve to erase the widespread prejudice—which has been so largely fostered by Heinrich Heine's poem "Disputation"—that the old religious controversies between Jews and Christians amounted to nothing more than meaningless quibbling and ridiculous overzealousness on both sides.

* See "A Debate at Barcelona" in "Cedars of Lebanon," October 1956.

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The Vision of Europe

INVITATION TO THE VOYAGE. By LESLIE KATZ. Harcourt, Brace. 253 pp. $3.95.

Reviewed by DAN WAKEFIELD

THIS is the simple and shocking story of an American tourist who went to Europe and actually saw what he looked at.

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Leslie Katz, like the thousands or millions or whatever towering figure it is of innocents abroad each year from these shores, saved up his money and spent several months touring England, France, and Italy, and now has written a book about where he went and what he saw. The simplicity of his story lies in the fact that he went to the same places and stopped at the same shrines as most other tourists; the shocking part of his story is that he actually saw these things, and in describing them shocks us with the realization of how little the rest of us have seen of these—or for that matter, of any—"famous" sights.

This feat seems especially remarkable coming as it does at a time when even the majority of our writers and reporters are blinkered by clichés and befogged by what has been written before them. Last year marked another dismal landmark in this trend toward easy darkness when Max Lerner went to Europe for the New York *Post,* wrote installments numbering high in the xxxxvvv's, and managed to see nothing new. This particular performance, only one of many turned in by our scribes, reached its climax in the installment called "What Is Europe?" in which, among a collection of observances that could have been made of Europe in an office in New York, Europe was ". . . the sun, shining on the masts of ships in a Greek fishing village." The reader often wonders if there is, indeed, anything new to see in Europe —or anything new under the sun. The only Americans who have seemed to see anything new in Europe in the last decade are the poets, who can always be depended on. It was beginning to look as if the Prix de Rome was providing the only bastion between us barbarians abroad and the final immersion of the European continent into the vast ocean of our stereotypes. But now we have Leslie Katz's *Invitation to the Voyage,* which offers us a new invitation to see.

We see, as the author sees, the room of Machiavelli:

"We entered, blinded at first by the darkness, and followed her [the housekeeper] across a hallway into a large room. She swung open large shutters. Sunlight flooded the bricked floor and white walls, revealing Machiavelli's study, recently dusted. The light burnished itself on the large table where he wrote facing the big window, and the chair where he sat was turned aside as if he had just risen. The sunlight poured on the green and gold velvet cover of a narrow bed. . . . The room was true to what you would imagine of Machiavelli. It was unostentatious, plain, spare, and modern, reduced to essentials, like a furnished room you would immediately want to rent. Only the necessities were there—the bed, the table, a clothes chest, a brass wash basin, a fireplace, and two stools with straight backs. Looking out the window across the desk you saw first a stone terrace on which laurels were growing in stone tubs. Past the terrace, in the far distance, the city of Florence could be seen far away, like the first inkling of a brilliant and wonderful idea. . . ."

In the city of Florence, we see the old masterpieces of art which have become a foggy slide in our mind from the shade-drawn rooms of a college Humanities IA course. We see that

"Michelangelo was drunk on energy and understanding, as drunk as his Bacchus, who holds balance while staggering. In the center of the Michelangelo room Bacchus was lurching with vine leaves in his hair in the direction of a wine cup the size of a triple martini he held in his hand, while a goat-legged boy-faun companion giggled behind him, face buried in clusters of grapes. The figures in the other statues and reliefs in the Michelangelo room were also intoxicated, drunk with experience. They looked as if they'd been back to Eden and left Paradise a second time of their own accord. Now they had nobody to blame but themselves. Real pros, veterans, they were not doing any blaming, and were taking what came. They had qualities of Job and Prometheus."

We see, besides works of art and people and beautiful landscapes, things that we have just never taken the time to imagine, for vision demands patience. Sitting in the warm summer rain in Italy, Leslie Katz sees this:

"There in the park in Genoa you could realize that the rain and trees and human life exist in the thin charmed space where solid earth touches insubstantial sky. Articulate life could be seen to emerge and flourish where extremes meet, at the rich tangential borders of the different."

And finally, in the reflection of this rich and marvelous vision of Europe, we see something of our own country, for to go some place and really see it is to come home different, as Leslie Katz came home different:

"Two months in Europe had made me more material minded. The trouble with America is: It isn't material-minded enough right now. Nobody in my native land knows the value of a dollar. Everybody is too concerned with spir-

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itual values such as what brand of cigarette do you smoke, the difference between a Ford and a Chevrolet, and how far you have gotten ahead. . . . But the material values I had come to love in Europe, such as a breath of fresh air, a quiet room with a tall ceiling, a stroll on a pleasant street in a big city, are disappearing fast."

The ability to see is the ability to learn and to enjoy and to live. It is the ability to be a human being. How badly our vision has been fogged with clichés and commercials, how much we have learned to live by rote, can be measured in the pages of this journal of one of us who still can see, and can tell the rest of us what he has seen. An invitation to see—and invitation to the voyage—is an invitation of civilization, and one that we can't very well pass by.

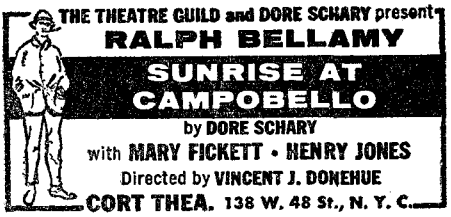
Job in Modern Dress

J.B. A PLAY IN VERSE. By ARCHIBALD MACLEISH. Houghton Mifflin. 153 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by IRVING FELDMAN

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH has shown great daring in basing his new poetic drama, *J.B.*, on the Book of Job. From a strictly literary point of view, the Biblical version offers few possibilities of expansion into a full-length drama. Its incidents are few, and most of them—the wager between God and Satan, the restoration of Job's family and fortune—are mere plot rationalizations of the work's central religious problem; indeed, they even obscure it. Furthermore, the development of the argument between Job, his three friends, and Elihu is not clearly articulated. From the poetic and religious points of view, any version of the Job story must beg comparison with one of the world's most magnificent works of poetic and religious experience, a work, moreover, whose religious vision is secured by the grandeur and vitality of its poetry. Unhappily, Mr. MacLeish has failed.

He has tried to solve the literary problem, in part, by showing the prosperous J.B. at Thanksgiving dinner with his happy family, and thereafter, death by death, the disappearance of this family and fortune. But the author's J.B. is so fatuous that most readers will be tempted to applaud Satan for wiping the turkey-stuffed grin off his face. And the succeeding scenes, which show J.B.'s misfortunes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at tedious length, lack any kind of development of character, philosophy, or passion.

Mr. MacLeish's chief innovation is the addition of a "Mr. Zuss" (Zeus) and one "Nickles" (Nicholas Brimstone) who, in the guise of down-and-out actors, set the scene, comment on the story, and drive it forward by speaking the parts of God and Satan. Their presence weighs heavily on the drama. Most of their comments properly belong to J.B. and his wife, who develop the same dialectic that Nickles and Mr. Zuss argue out between themselves; lacking these speeches, J.B. and Sarah fall into a heavily scored mutism. All this is not a result of Mr. MacLeish's imperfect stagecraft, but derives from his vision of the world.

But this is poetic drama—what of its poetry? I find it pale, feeble, and impoverished. Its only resources for achieving the modest and often superficial intensity it occasionally has are awkward syntax, labored alliteration, and, as a last resort, sheer automatism. From Sarah's outcry, "Our son, our son, our son" (the editorial *we* parodying David's lament for Absalom) to J.B.'s poeticizing of his own pain, "What I *can't* bear is the blindness—/Meaninglessness—the numb blow/Fallen in the stumbling night," this attitudinizing sits ill beside the precise, vibrant, outspoken language of the Book of Job. Each time that Mr. MacLeish quotes from the Biblical version (and he does so often), its words dominate the stage and sweep away whatever speeches he has put into the mouths of his characters.

THIS artistic failure might have been salvaged in some measure were Mr. MacLeish's moral vision adequate. It is not. By dwelling so long on the wager and on J.B.'s misfortunes, and by giving "Nickles" more and better lines than "Mr. Zuss," Mr. MacLeish has managed to portray God ("Jahveh," he calls him once) as a tyrannical despot. The final touch is J.B.'s ultimate religious vision: "He does not love. He is." Mr. MacLeish is, of course, free to interpret the Book of Job as he wishes. But to my mind its essential, overwhelming vision

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is that the presence, the "thereness," of God antecedes (and includes) his qualities as legislator, judge, and, even, maker of the universe. Job's three friends are condemned for assuming that because he suffers Job must have sinned, that is, for putting forward a known, a rationalized, God. Yet the God of Job is no simple inscrutability. As the Voice in the Whirlwind, he steps forward and discovers himself. His presence is nothing less than the total and immediate creation of the world.

Mr. MacLeish's deity, a "white, calm, unconcerned mask," is closer to the God of Bildad, Zophar, and Eliphaz than he is to Him who spoke in the Whirlwind. A known inscrutability, I would call him. Mr. MacLeish quotes extensively from the Voice in the Whirlwind and even has J.B. repeat Job's key speech, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear: but now mine eye seeth thee." But we have here only the shell of a deity, a God without presence. And as Mr. MacLeish's deity is no God, so his J.B. is no man. Deaf to God's presence, J.B. lacks human presence, being half literary creature, half solution to the ills of the world. For the pseudo-position of calling the meaninglessness of the universe "God" can only lead to a pseudo-solution, in this case humanistic love, that halfway convalescent home on the road of the Absurd. "He does not love. He is," says J.B., to which Sarah responds, "But we do. That's the wonder." And quickly this leads to the final curtain speech:

Blow on the coal of the heart.
The candles in churches are out.
The lights have gone out in the sky.
Blow on the coal of the heart
And we'll see by and by. . . .

Dramatically, the question of inter-personal relations has nothing to do with the problem of Job before God, or even of J.B. before the universe. Morally, it suggests bourgeois humanism. (Even Matthew Arnold's "Dover Beach" ended with the same love-coated nihilism.) For, as it stands, Mr. MacLeish's formula begs the question. Is it so much a matter of what the light of love may permit modern man to see, as—the eternal question—in what light shall he see love, and, indeed, everything else?

It has not been my intention here to beat down contemporary humanism with the stick of Biblical God-consciousness. Rather, I have wanted to point out that so long as humanists like Mr. MacLeish fail to understand such God-consciousness, they will also fail in their specifically humanist task: to come to a vision of man which would create, sustain, impassion, and move the world in the same way that the God who appeared in the Whirlwind did.

BOOK REVIEWERS IN THIS ISSUE

OSCAR HANDLIN, the noted historian, contributes frequently to COMMENTARY.

IRVING KRISTOL is a co-editor of *Encounter* in London.

DAN JACOBSON's latest novel, *The Price of Diamonds* (Knopf), appeared in March.

DAVID BAUMGARDT is the author of *Bentham and the Ethics of Today*.

DAN WAKEFIELD contributed "Politics and the Puerto Ricans" to our March 1958 number.

IRVING FELDMAN, poet and critic, will teach English at Kenyon College next fall.

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